

Allen H. M.

ORANGE & BLUE.

FOOT BALL NUMBER.

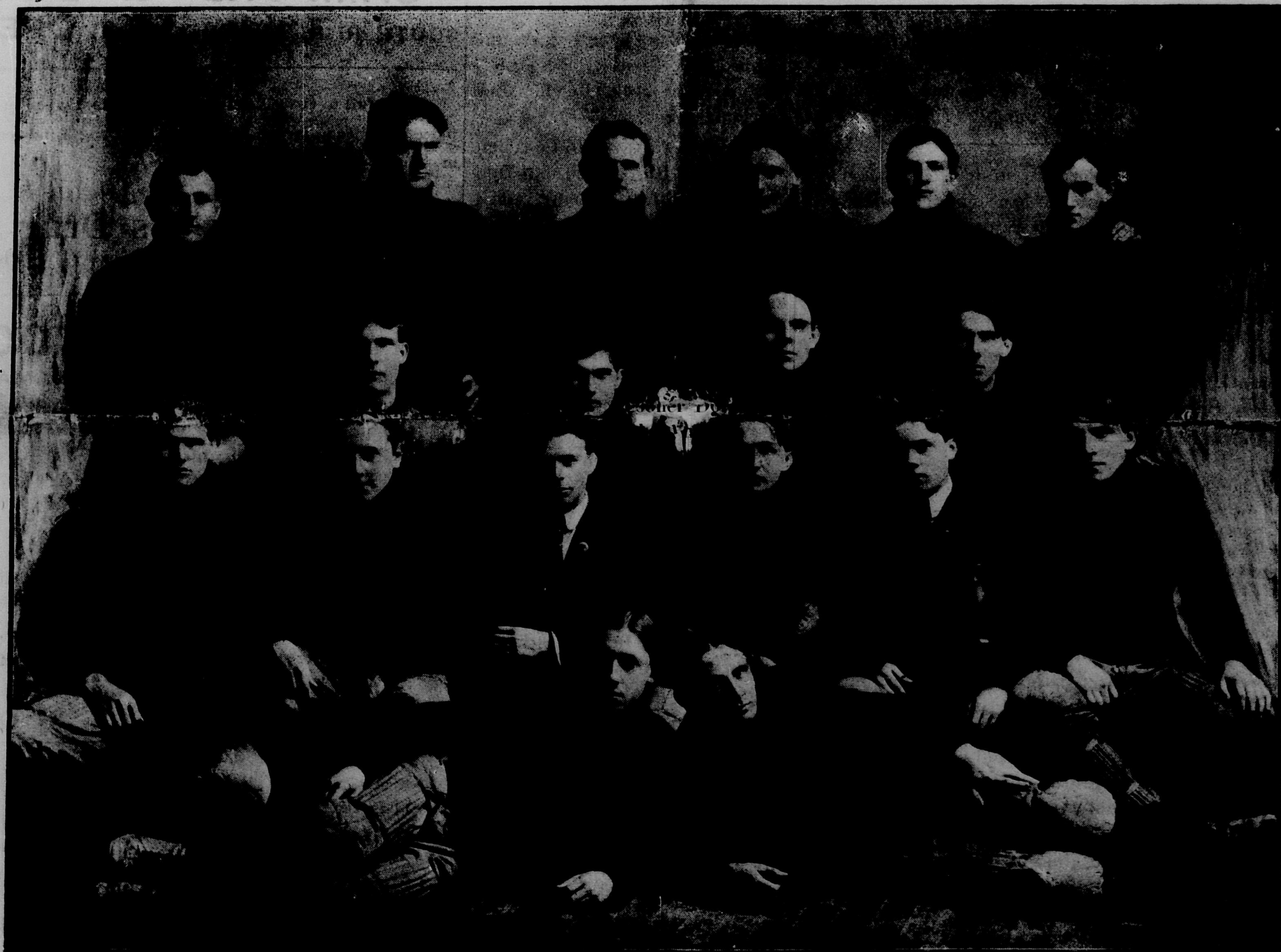
ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

VOL. XI.

AUBURN, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1905.

NO. 7

WE PRESENT



TOP ROW: (Reading left to right) Butler, Braswell, Moon, Jones, Lacey, Wilkinson.
SECOND ROW: Moy, Hughes, Paterson, Matson.
THIRD ROW: Rigney, Foy, Coach Donahue, Reynolds (Capt.), Hall (Mgr.), Streit.
BOTTOM ROW: Perkins and Flournoy.

ONE OF THE TWO UNDEFEATED TEAMS OF DIXIE AND THE CHAMPIONS OF THE GULF STATES

RECORD:

Auburn, 5	Clemson, 0
Auburn, 17	Nashville, 0
Auburn, 12	Ga. Techs, 0
Auburn, 29	Alabama, 6
Auburn, 17	Georgia, 5

GAMES WITH TEAMS NOT IN S. I. A. A.:

Auburn, 44	Florida, 0
Auburn, 53	Montgomery A. C., 0

ORANGE & BLUE.

FOOT BALL NUMBER.

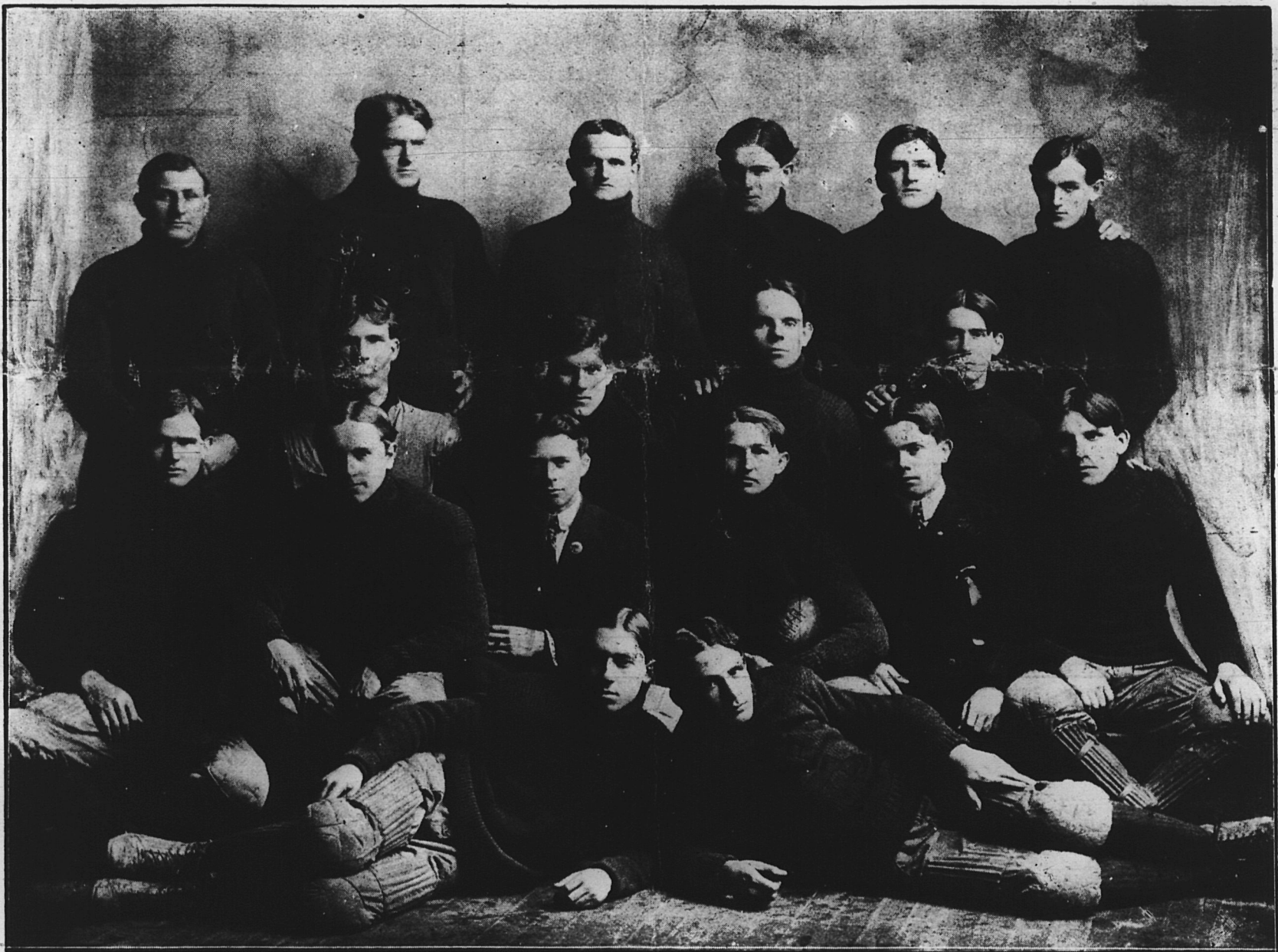
ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

VOL. XI.

AUBURN, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1905.

NO. 7

WE PRESENT



TOP ROW: (Reading left to right) Butler, Braswell, Moon, Jones, Lacey, Wilkinson.
SECOND ROW: Moy, Hughes, Paterson, Matson.
THIRD ROW: Rigney, Foy, Coach Donahue, Reyno'ds (Capt.), Hall (Mgr.), Streit.
BOTTOM ROW: Perkins and Flournoy.

ONE OF THE TWO UNDEFEATED TEAMS OF DIXIE
AND THE CHAMPIONS OF THE GULF STATES

RECORD:

Auburn, 5	Clemson, 0
Auburn, 17	Nashville, 0
Auburn, 12	Ga. Techs, 0
Auburn, 29	Alabama, 6
Auburn, 17	Georgia, 5

GAMES WITH TEAMS NOT IN S. I. A. A.:

Auburn, 44	Florida,	0
Auburn, 53	Montgomery A. C.,	0

Orange and Blue

Published every two weeks by a Board of Editors from the Senior Class.

Devoted to the general interest of the College.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, \$1.00 PER YEAR

BOARD OF EDITORS.

J. H. PATERSON.....Montgomery, Ala.
Editor-in-Chief.

D. G. WILKINSON.....Gastonburg, Ala.
Assistant Editor-in-Chief.

E. H. CABANISS.....Birmingham, Ala.
Business Manager.

O. E. YOUNG.....Selma, Ala.
Assistant Business Manager.

R. P. BOYD.....Montgomery, Ala.
Local Editor.

D. G. EWING.....Lowndesboro, Ala.
Exchange Editor.

SEABORN BOYD.....Montgomery, Ala.
Athletic Editor.

K. L. FORRESTER.....Cowarts, Ala.
W. R. SAMFORD.....Opelika, Ala.
Associate Editors.

Address all matter intended for publication to the Editor-in-Chief.

Business communications should be sent to the Business Manager.

Contributions for ORANGE AND BLUE must be in the hands of the Editors not later than Saturday before week of issue.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha, Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Nu, Pi Kappa Alpha and Kappa Sigma.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Presbyterian Church—Services second Sunday in each month, morning and evening. Rev. E. P. Davis, D. D.
Every Sunday, Dr. C. A. Cary, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South—C. R. Cornell, pastor, C. C. Thacht, Sunday School Superintendent.
Preaching services each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Devotional Meeting of Epworth League Sunday 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Auburn Baptist Church—C. C. Pugh, pastor, Prof. J. F. Duggar, Sunday School Superintendent. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Divine Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Young People's Union 4:10 p. m. Prayer Meeting 7 p. m. Wednesday afternoon.

Protestant Episcopal Holy Innocents Chapel—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 7:15 a. m. every Sunday except the first Sunday in each month. Evening prayer every Friday at 4:30 p. m. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. S. L. Toomery, Superintendent.

College Y. M. C. A.—Sunday 3 p. m. Y. M. C. A. Hall, College Building.

The class games have shown clearly that there is a large quantity of good football material in the lower classes. The Sophomore-Freshman game on last Saturday was a good exhibition of football and both sides played remarkably well. Under a good coach these men can be shaped into as good players as one ever sees on a southern gridiron.

The diamond enthusiasts get to work on February 3, and from the present outlook, Auburn will be represented by the strongest nine in years. Captain Hall, who knows the game from "Soup to Cigar," will have charge of practice until the coach arrives.

Basket ball is occupying the attention of many of the boys now and each evening the "Gym" is the scene of many exciting contests. There is some good material being developed and a fast team will be turned out. Mr. Gould, who has charge of the Gym, intends to arrange a schedule of games with various colleges and athletic clubs, so that those that make the team will have an opportunity of taking several trips besides deriving the benefits that proceed from the game itself.

The Mid-Term examinations will mark the close of the first half of the year's game. If we haven't scored it has been our fault. We should have bucked the line of "Knowledge" harder. We did not play an aggressive game and let our studies get the charge on us. However, the game is not yet lost. Let us go into the second half with a grim determination to win or die, and if we can score, let's run the score up as high as possible. Never give up—fight it out until the whistle is blown and at the end of the game we can march up with the other victors and get our diploma or our blue ribbon.

For the first time in many years the Freshman class has won a football game, thereby entitling it to play for the championship. We are glad to see this as it indicates the presence of good football material and a good class spirit which will help them in anything they undertake. May they be as successful in all things as in football.

SENIORS VS. JUNIORS.

January 21, 1905.

In rather a onesided contest the Seniors defeated the Juniors by a score of 11 to 0. The ball was in possession of the Seniors most of the time and during the entire game the Juniors made first down only six times. The score might have been larger had not the Seniors played the steady and sure, but slow, game they did. Nothing but Yale plays were used by the Seniors while the Juniors used some Yale, Harvard and Heisman plays.

There were no spectacular features to the game. The Juniors approached the spectacular when by a fake buck and kick Capt. Webb punted for a good gain.

The Juniors took out time quite frequently and showed the lack of training, which the Seniors possessed to a remarkable degree for so short a time for practice.

While no one starred it is due some members of both teams that they may receive honorable mention for their excellent work. Of the Senior team Bell, at fullback, Young at halfback, Gresham at guard, and Renfro at quarter, did good work.

Davis and McElderry showed up well for the Junior team.

The game was called at 3:11. The Seniors receiving the ball in the eastern side of the field.

Capt. Webb kicks 40 yards to Skinner, who returns 15 yards. Skinner on cross buck, gains 1

yard. Alsobrook gets 2 yards. Skinner then makes it first down. Alsobrook takes 2 yards more. Renfro around end gets 15 yards. Young helps along with 1 yard. Esslinger adds to this 2 1-2 yards. Young fails to get the required 1 1-2 yards and ball goes over to Juniors.

Webb fails to gain. Stanley gets 1 yard. Webb then kicked 30 yards to Skinner, who brings it back 5 yards.

Gresham nets 4 yards. Young makes it first down. Esslinger goes through for 4 1-2 yards. He then makes first down. Young fails to gain. Skinner takes 4 yards. Skinner first down. Alsobrook gets 2 yards. Skinner gets first down. Gresham goes through for 3 yards. Renfro skirts end for 15 yards. Bell gets 2 yards. Bell makes first down. Gresham gets 3 1-2 yards and Young makes first down. Esslinger gets 1 yard. Renfro again around end for another 15 yards.

Here the Seniors are penalized five yards, for coaching from side lines. Renfro tears off 5 yards. Gresham gets 4 yards and Alsobrook gets the necessary 4 to make a touchdown. Bell kicks goal. Score: 6—0.

Bell kicks 25 yards to Lewellen, who starts with the ball, but fumbles. Here "Little Red" McElderry came in handily for the Juniors for the ball instead of falling on the grounds fell squarely into "Little Red's" arms and stayed there until he had gained 20 yards. The fumble to all appearances was a neat double pass. McElderry gets 2 1-2 yards and then 1 yard. Webb makes first down. McElderry takes 6 yards. Webb fails to gain. McElderry gets 1 1-2 yards. Cross fails to make first down.

Seniors Ball.

Bell takes 3 yards. Alsobrook gets first down. Alsobrook gets 1 yard. Skinner takes 1 1-2 yard. Gresham gets first down. Renfro around end for 15 yards. Young calls for 3 and then gets first down. Esslinger takes 1 1-2 yard. Young gets 2 yards. Young gets first down. Skinner makes 4 yards, but the time is up and the score stands: Seniors, 6; Juniors, 0.

SECOND HALF.

Bell kicks 50 yards to Stanley, who returns the skin 20 yards. McElderry fails to gain, but Webb gets 10 yards. Stanley is tackled prettily by Philips before he gains anything. McElderry takes 4 yards, but fails to make first down.

Seniors ball.

Renfro around end gets 10 yards. Gresham takes 2 and 2 again. Young makes first down. Renfro fails to gain. Gresham gets 4 yards, but on the next trial fails to make first down and the ball goes to the Juniors.

Webb is good for 1 1-2. McElderry fails to gain. Webb then kicks to Skinner. Skinner on end gets 5 yards. Skinner on cross buck gets 1-2 yard. Young takes 4 yards. Gresham follows this by 5 yards, 2 1-2 yards and 3 yards. Renfro gets 3 1-2 yards. Renfro takes 12 yards. Gresham gets 13 yards, 2 yards and 2 yards.

THE BANK OF OPELIKA, Opelika, Ala.

Capital Stock, \$100,000.00

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO AUBURN BUSINESS

You can make your deposits or have your checks cashed right in Auburn with our representative.

MR. W. B. GULATTE

R. M. GREENE
PRESIDENT

J. B. GREENE
VICE-PRESIDENT

JOS. H. SMITH
CASHIER

F. KELLY HAYNIE and G. HARDAWAY FRAZER
Two old Auburn boys, are with

Smith & Crossley

THE LEADING DRUGGISTS OF OPELIKA

Come to see us, boys. The best in the shop is yours.

ANYTHING YOU NEED IN

Shoes, Hats and Men's Furnishings

You Can Find In Our Store. Come to See Us.

SAMFORD & DOWDELL

SOUTH R. R. AVENUE

OPELIKA, ALA.

Don't fail to visit Thomason's Drug Store when in Opelika, and make our place your headquarters. Best stock of Drug Sundries, Pipes and Smoking material. We solicit your patronage.

Thomason's Drug Store

South Railroad Avenue

Phone No 30

J. C. CONDON

OPELIKA, ALABAMA

Dealer in Jewelry, Watches, Etc.

A full line of Cuff and Collar Buttons, Stick Pins, and everything in a first-class Jewelry House. Fine watch repairing a specialty. Any design of pin or badges made to order.

THIS IS THE PLACE

To get the best in Clothing, Furnishing Goods, and Shoes for men. Hart, Schaffner & Marx, and Fechheimer-Fishel Clothing, Manhattan Shirts, Clapp's Shoes.

R. M. GREENE, JR.

South Railroad Ave.

OPELIKA, ALA.

but fumbles the ball and a Junior takes possession of it.

McElderry gets 4 yards. Webb fails to gain, but on another trial makes first down. Stanley takes 2 1-2 yards. Webb follows this with a loss of 3 yards. Davis gets 4 yards and Webb then kicks 30 yards to Renfro, who returns 5 yards. Skinner gets 4 1-2 yards followed by 6 yards. Alsobrook gets 1-2 yard. Skinner 1 1-2 and young makes first down. Renfro takes 4 yards. Esslinger first down. Young 2 yards. Young first down. Here the whole Senior backfield is offside. First down 10 yards to gain. Renfro around end for 8 yards. Gresham through line for 1 yard. Bell through line for 4 yards and then Gresham gets the remaining distance from the goal.

Bell fails goal and score stands: Seniors, 11; Juniors, 0. Two and one-half minutes to play.

Webb kicks 45 yards to Young, who returns 15 yards. Skinner takes 4, Renfro 4, Esslinger 1 1-2, Young 1 1-2. Bell kicks 30 yards to Logue, who is downed in his tracks.

Stanley gets 3 yards. Webb makes it first down. Time up.

Score: Seniors, 11; Juniors, 0.

Senior's line-up:

Center—Beck.
Right Guard—Gipson.
Left Guard—Gresham.
Right Tackle—Alsobrook.
Left Tackle—Esslinger.
Right End—Allison.
Left End—Philips.
Quarter Back—Renfro (Capt.)
Full Back—Bell.
Right Half Back—Skinner.
Left Half Back—Young.

Junior's line-up:

Center—Mitchell.
Right Guard—Watkins.
Left Guard—Daniels.
Right Tackle—Cross.
Left Tackle—Lewellen.
Right End—Loeue.
Left End—Guerry.
Quarter Back—Stanley.
Full Back—McElderry.
Right Half Back—Webb (Capt.)
Left Half Back—Davis.
Time of halves—20 minutes.
Officials—Reynolds, referee;
Umpire—Prof. Mitcham.
Time keepers—Matson and Hawkins.
Head linesman—Perkins.
J. FLOURNOY.

Orange and Blue

Published every two weeks by a Board of Editors from the Senior Class.

Devoted to the general interest of the College.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, \$1.00 PER YEAR

BOARD OF EDITORS.

J. H. PATERSON, Montgomery, Ala.
Editor-in-Chief.

D. G. WILKINSON, Gastonburg, Ala.
Assistant Editor-in-Chief.

E. H. CABANISS, Birmingham, Ala.
Business Manager.

O. E. YOUNG, Selma, Ala.
Assistant Business Manager.

R. P. BOYD, Montgomery, Ala.
Local Editor.

D. G. EWING, Lowndesboro, Ala.
Exchange Editor.

SEABORN BOYD, Montgomery, Ala.
Athletic Editor.

K. L. FORRESTER, Cowarts, Ala.

W. R. SAMFORD, Opelika, Ala.

Associate Editors.

Address all matter intended for publication to the Editor-in-Chief.

Business communications should be sent to the Business Manager.

Contributions for ORANGE AND BLUE must be in the hands of the Editors not later than Saturday before week of issue.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha, Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Nu, Pi Kappa Alpha and Kappa Sigma.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Presbyterian Church—Services second Sunday in each month, morning and evening. Rev. E. P. Davis, P. D., pastor. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. every Sunday. Dr. C. A. Cary, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South—C. R. Cornell, pastor. C. C. Thael, Sunday School Superintendent. Preaching services each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Devotional Meeting of Epworth League Sunday 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Auburn Baptist Church—C. C. Pugh, pastor. Prof. J. E. Duggar, Sunday School Superintendent. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Divine Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Young People's Union 4:10 p. m. Prayer Meeting p. m. Wednesday afternoon.

Protestant Episcopal Holy Innocents Chapel—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 7:15 a. m. every Sunday except the first Sunday in each month. Evening prayer every Friday at 4:30 p. m. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. S. L. Toomer, Superintendent.

College Y. M. C. A.—Sunday 3 p. m., Y. M. C. A. Hall, College Building.

The class games have shown clearly that there is a large quantity of good football material in the lower classes. The Sophomore-Freshman game on last Saturday was a good exhibition of football and both sides played remarkably well for the short time they had been coached. Under a good coach these men can be shaped into as good players as one ever sees on a southern gridiron.

The diamond enthusiasts get to work on February 4, and from the present outlook, Auburn will be represented by the strongest nine in years. Captain Hall, who knows the game from "Soup to Cigars," will have charge of practice until the coach arrives.

Basket ball is occupying the attention of many of the boys now and each evening the "Gym" is the scene of many exciting contests. There is some good material being developed and a fast team will be turned out. Mr. Gould, who has charge of the Gym, intends to arrange a schedule of games with various colleges and athletic clubs, so that those that make the team will have an opportunity of taking several trips besides deriving the benefits that proceed from the game itself.

The Mid-Term examinations will mark the close of the first half of the year's game. If we haven't scored it has been our fault. We should have bucked the line of "Knowledge" harder. We did not play an aggressive game and let our studies get the charge on us. However, the game is not yet lost. Let us go into the second half with a grim determination to win or die, and if we can score, let's run the score up as high as possible. Never give up—fight it out until the whistle is blown and at the end of the game we can march up with the other victors and get our diploma or our blue ribbon.

For the first time in many years the Freshman class has won a football game, thereby entitling it to play for the championship. We are glad to see this as it indicates the presence of good football material and a good class spirit which will help them in anything they undertake. May they be as successful in all things as in football.

SENIORS VS. JUNIORS.

January 21, 1905.

In rather a onesided contest the Seniors defeated the Juniors by a score of 11 to 0. The ball was in possession of the Seniors most of the time and during the entire game the Juniors made first down only six times. The score might have been larger had not the Seniors played the steady and sure, but slow, game they did. Nothing but Yale plays were used by the Seniors while the Juniors used some Yale, Harvard and Heisman plays.

There were no spectacular features to the game. The Juniors approached the spectacular when by a fake buck and kick Capt. Webb punted for a good gain.

The Juniors took out time quite frequently and showed the lack of training, which the Seniors possessed to a remarkable degree for so short a time for practice.

While no one started it is due some members of both teams that they may receive honorable mention for their excellent work. Of the Senior team Bell, at fullback, Young at halfback, Gresham at guard, and Renfro at quarter, did good work.

Davis and McElderry showed up well for the Junior team.

The game was called at 3:11 the Seniors receiving the ball in the eastern side of the field.

Capt. Webb kicks 40 yards to Skinner, who returns 15 yards. Skinner on cross buck, gains 1

yard. Alsobrook gets 2 yards. Skinner then makes it first down. Alsobrook takes 2 yards more. Renfro around end gets 15 yards. Young helps along with 1 yard. Esslinger adds to this 2 1-2 yards. Young fails to get the required 1 1-2 yards and ball goes over to Juniors.

Webb fails to gain. Stanley gets 1 yard. Webb then kicked 30 yards to Skinner, who brings it back 5 yards.

Gresham nets 4 yards. Young makes it first down. Esslinger goes through for 4 1-2 yards. He then makes first down. Young fails to gain. Skinner takes 4 yards. Skinner first down. Alsobrook gets 2 yards. Skinner gets first down. Gresham goes through for 3 yards. Renfro skirts end for 15 yards. Bell gets 2 yards. Bell makes first down. Gresham gets 3 1-2 yards and Young makes first down. Esslinger gets 1 yard. Renfro again around end for another 15 yards.

Here the Seniors are penalized five yards, for coaching from side lines. Renfro tears off 5 yards. Gresham gets 4 yards and Alsobrook gets the necessary 4 to make a touchdown. Bell kicks goal. Score: 6-0.

Bell kicks 25 yards to Lewellen, who starts with the ball, but fumbles. Here "Little Red" McElderry came in handily for the Juniors for the ball instead of falling on the grounds fell squarely into "Little Red's" arms and stayed there until he had gained 20 yards. The fumble to all appearances was a neat double pass.

McElderry gets 2 1-2 yards and then 1 yard. Webb makes first down. McElderry takes 6 yards. Webb fails to gain. McElderry gets 1 1-2 yards. Cross fails to make first down.

Seniors Ball.

Bell takes 3 yards. Alsobrook gets first down. Alsobrook gets 1 yard. Skinner takes 1 1-2 yard. Gresham gets first down. Renfro around end for 15 yards. Young calls for 3 and then gets first down. Esslinger takes 1 1-2 yard. Young gets 2 yards. Young gets first down. Skinner makes 4 yards, but the time is up and the score stands: Seniors, 6; Juniors, 0.

SECOND HALF.

Bell kicks 50 yards to Stanley, who returns the skin 20 yards. McElderry fails to gain, but Webb gets 10 yards. Stanley is tackled prettily by Philips before he gains anything. McElderry takes 4 yards, but fails to make first down.

Seniors ball.

Renfro around end gets 10 yards. Gresham takes 2 and 2 again. Young makes first down. Renfro fails to gain. Gresham gets 4 yards, but on the next trial fails to make first down and the ball goes to the Juniors.

Webb is good for 1 1-2. McElderry fails to gain. Webb then kicks to Skinner. Skinner on end gets 5 yards. Skinner on cross buck gets 1-2 yard. Young takes 4 yards. Gresham follows this by 5 yards, 2 1-2 yards and 3 yards. Renfro gets 3 1-2 yards. Renfro takes 12 yards. Gresham gets 13 yards, 2 yards and 2 yards.

THE BANK OF OPELIKA, Opelika, Ala.

Capital Stock, \$100,000.00

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO AUBURN BUSINESS

You can make your deposits or have your checks cashed right in Auburn with our representative.

MR. W. B. GLATTE

R. M. GREENE
PRESIDENT

J. B. GREENE
VICE-PRESIDENT

JOSEPH H. SMITH
CASHIER

F. KELLY HAYNIE and G. HARDAWAY FRAZER
Two old Auburn boys, are with

Smith & Crossley

THE LEADING DRUGGISTS OF OPELIKA

Come to see us, boys. The best in the shop is yours.

ANYTHING YOU NEED IN

Shoes, Hats and Men's Furnishings

You Can Find In Our Store. Come to See Us.

SAMFORD & DOWDELL

SOUTH R. R. AVENUE

OPELIKA, ALA.

Don't fail to visit Thomason's Drug Store when in Opelika, and make our place your headquarters. Best stock of Drug Sundries, Pipes and Smoking material. We solicit your patronage.

Thomason's Drug Store

South Railroad Avenue

Phone No. 30

J. C. CONDON

OPELIKA, ALABAMA

Dealer in Jewelry, Watches, Etc.

A full line of Cuff and Collar Buttons, Stick Pins, and everything in a first-class Jewelry House. Fine watch repairing a specialty. Any design of pin or badges made to order.

THIS IS THE PLACE To get the best in Clothing, Furnishing Goods, and Shoes for men. Hart, Schaffner & Marx, and Fechheimer-Fishel Clothing, Manhattan Shirts, Clapp's Shoes.

R. M. GREENE, JR.

South Railroad Ave.

OPELIKA, ALA.

but fumbles the ball and a Junior takes possession of it.

McElderry gets 4 yards. Webb fails to gain, but on another trial makes first down. Stanley takes 2 1-2 yards. Webb follows this with a loss of 3 yards. Davis gets 4 yards and Webb then kicks 30 yards to Renfro, who returns 5 yards. Skinner gets 4 1-2 yards followed by 6 yards. Alsobrook gets 1-2 yard. Skinner 1 1-2 and young makes first down. Renfro takes 4 yards. Esslinger first down. Young 2 yards. Young first down. Here the whole Senior backfield is offside. First down 10 yards to gain. Renfro around end for 8 yards. Gresham through line for 1 yard. Bell through line for 4 yards and then Gresham gets the remaining distance from the goal.

Bell fails goal and score stands: Seniors, 11; Juniors, 0. Two and one-half minutes to play.

Webb kicks 45 yards to Young, who returns 15 yards. Skinner takes 4. Renfro 4. Esslinger 1 1-2. Young 1 1-2. Bell kicks 30 yards to Logue, who is downed in his tracks.

Stanley gets 3 yards. Webb makes it first down. Time up.

Score: Seniors, 11; Juniors, 0.

Senior's line-up:

Center—Beck.

Right Guard—Gipson.

Left Guard—Gresham.

Right Tackle—Alsobrook.

Left Tackle—Esslinger.

Right End—Allison.

Left End—Philips.

Quarter Back—Renfro (Capt.)

Full Back—Bell.

Right Half Back—Skinner.

Left Half Back—Young.

Junior's line-up:

Center—Mitchell.

Right Guard—Watkins.

Left Guard—Daniels.

Right Tackle—Cross.

Left Tackle—Lewellen.

Right End—Logue.

Left End—Guerry.

Quarter Back—Stanley.

Full Back—McElderry.

Right Half Back—Webb (Capt.)

Left Half Back—Davis.

Time of halves—20 minutes.

Officials—Reynolds, referee.

Umpire—Prof. Mitcham.

Time keepers—Matson and Hawkins.

Head linesman—Perkins.

J. FLOURNOY.

SOPHOMORE VS. FRESHMEN.

January 28, 1905.

At the opening of this game it seemed as though neither side would be able to score and only by superior team work and some little individual playing were the Freshmen able to win by the small margin of 5-0.

The interest of the game was marred by the continual fumbling on both sides, but this more than compensated for by the way the men on both teams went into each that Cheek at fullback and Steele play. It might be safely said at halfback won the game for the Freshmen.

Every time they were called upon to take the ball there was sure to be a gain. Constantine and Thagard for the Sophs did excellent work and had it not been for these two men the score would have been several touchdowns more. The Freshmen should be criticised for the slow play they indulged in. In the last part of the second half the Freshmen were making good gains every play and lost a touch down when within 3 yard of the goal line by taking up time in discussing which play would be run. The game was called with the ball in possession of the Freshmen when only 3 yards from the goal line.

Capt. Thagard wins the toss and chooses to defend the eastern goal.

FIRST HALF.

Neill kicks 45 yards to Burgess, who brings the skin back 10 yards. Thagard takes the ball for 4 yards. Thagard gets 5 yards. Weems gets 3 1-2 yards. Thagard makes it first down. Milner gets 2 yards, York 2 1-2. York fumbles and a Freshman falls on the ball.

Franks gets 2 1-2 yards. Franks 1 1-2 yards. Steele 10 yards. Franks fumbles and Constantine tucks the ball under his arm and starts down the field when he is tackled after going 5 yards. Milner loses 1 yard. Milner fails to gain. Tompkins punts 2 1-2 yards. The ball is fumbled and Beattie falls on it.

Soph's ball.

Milner fails to gain. Franks offside. First down 5 yards to gain. Milner gets 1 1-2 yards. Beattie 3. Reidman 5-3-1 1-2. Thagard fails to gain. The ball goes over.

Miller gets 1 1-2 yards. Cheek 8. Neill fails to gain. Cheek does the same. Steele gets 4 yards. Ball goes to Soph's on downs.

Milner gets 1 yard, then makes it first down. Thagard gets 2 yards. Milner gets first down. Thagard fails to gain. Reidman gets 1 yard. Tompkins drops back to kick, but fumbles and loses 10 yards. Ball goes to the Freshmen.

Hill fails to gain. Steele takes 4 yards. Franks first down. Cheek calls for 3 yards. Miller doesn't get any but Cheek makes it first down. Cheek makes 4 1-2 yards. Hill fumbles and loses 1 yard. Cheek takes it the required distance. Steele tears off 10 yards. Cheek gets 4 yards and 4 yards again. Franks carries the ball over for a touchdown. Franks fails at goal. Score: Freshmen, 5; Sophomores, 0.

There was only 15 seconds left

to play, so Capt. Franks and Thagard agree to call it off until the second half.

SECOND HALF.

Tompkins kicks 50 yards to Cheek, who advances 12 yards. Franks gets 2 yards. Franks gets first down. Cheek fumbles, but a Freshman falls on the ball. Steele gets 4 yards and Cheek makes first down. Cheek gets 2 1-2 yards. Steele gets first down. Blanton fumbles and a Sophomore gets the ball.

Reidman gets 1 yard. Burgess 3 1-2. Milner makes it first down. Reidman takes 2 yards. On fake kick and buck Milner fails to gain. Milner gets 1 yard. Ball goes to Freshmen on downs.

Steele takes 5 yards. Cheek 2 yards. Cheek gets first down. Hill throttled man and Freshmen are penalized 5 yards. Miller then kicks 22 yards to Tompkins, who returns 5 yards. Soph's ball.

Constantine on end run gets 35 yards. Milner fails to gain. Reidman tears off 3 1-2 yards, then gets first down. Milner comes in for 5 yards. Freshmen are penalized for 5 yards for Franks being offside. Constantine loses 2 1-2 yards. Milner gets 4 yards, but fumbles and the Freshmen get the ball.

Cheek gets 4 yards. Franks first down. Franks 1 yard. Cheek first down. Steele 5 yards. Cheek 3 1-2. At this point Beattie is hurt and has to retire from the game. Greene is substituted. Cheek makes first down. Franks 5 yards. Miller 1 yard. Center fumbles ball, which Steele falls upon. Cheek gets first down. Steele 7 yards. Franks 3 yards. Steele first down. Cheek 2 yards. Cheek first down. Steele 3 yards. Steele 7 1-2 yards. Cheek 5 yards. Franks 3 yards. Steele 7 1-2 yards. Miller 10 yards. Franks 1 yard. Steele fails to gain. Time is called with the ball 3 yards from goal line.

Freshmen line-up:

Center—Lock.
Left Guard—Neill.
Right Guard—Gant.
Left Tackle—Blanton.
Right Tackle—Franks (Capt.)
Left End—Paterson.
Right End—Warten.
Quarter—Hill.
Left Half—Miller.
Right Half—Steele.
Full Back—Cheek.

Sophomore line-up:

Center—Sistrunk.
Left Guard—Reidman.
Right Guard—Beattie.
Left Tackle—Thagard.
Right Tackle—York.
Left End—Bryant.
Right End—Constantine.
Quarter—Tompkins.
Left Half—Weems.
Right Half—Milner.
Full Back—Burgess.
Officials—Reynolds, referee;
Umpire—Prof. Hare.
Head linesman—Lacey.
Time of halves—20 minutes.

Coach Foy, of the Fresh. team, states:

Both teams played good ball, but my men had the best of it.

Coach Streit, of Soph. team, states:

No more than I expected. My team put up a good game of ball.

J. FLOURNOY.

COACH DONOHUE ARRIVES

Will Coach Base-ball and Have Charge of the Varsity Next Season.

He is here—you did not believe it Friday morning when you heard it did you? Quietly dropping off an incoming Western train Thursday night Coach Donahue made his second pilgrimage into Auburn.

There was not the 400 students at the train yelling "who's the man." No. Why? Because no one knew of his coming. The news spread like wild fire that night and the next morning and as well known figure began to show it itself on the streets Friday morning many a fellow could be seen smiling the smile of the satisfied. Every one knew that Auburn was doing her best to secure him for the ensuing base and football season and the outcome was awaited with unabated interest. "Wise ones" told us that "he would either be here by the first of next week or that they would receive his refusal." But it remained for "Coach" to present Auburn with a big bunch of pleasant surprise by appearing in person, unheralded.

Coach Donahue announces that practice will begin the first of the week and Captain Hall has issued a call for candidates on that date.

The weather seems cold for practice these days, but Auburn is facing a hard schedule this season and the Coach Donahue gets to handling the bunch of ambitious swatties the better.

The candidates were discussed in a previous issue, but since then a big addition has arrived in the person of "Billy" May, a man who comes near making good in the oval business the past season and with a record for box work. "Like unto" Christy Matthewson's, Sam Weems and "Billie" May are a pair that will be hard to beat in the twirling world of college ball-dom.

The following schedule of Georgia reads like a home schedule of a Southern league club, looking at its length. It seems that the college has an encampment for one week beginning April 24. This allows the team to make a six days' trip without losing time from recitations. And it is during this time that they meet Alabama and Auburn:

Florida in Athens March 23.
Mercer in Athens March 25.
Tech in Atlanta April 8.
Davidson in Athens April 15.
Nashville in Athens April 19.
Clemson in Clemson April 24.
Alabama in Tuscaloosa April 26.
Alabama in Tuscaloosa April 27.
Auburn in Auburn April 28.
Auburn in Auburn April 29.
Mercer in Macon May 5.
Mercer in Macon May 6.
Tech in Athens May 10.
Clemson in Athens May 13.
Tech in Atlanta May 27.
Sewanee in Atlanta May 31.

This gives Georgia six games on their own campus and ten away from home.

In the meantime from all indi-

cations, Auburn, with the present material and Donahue in charge, will give the habitants of the bleachers a game worth going miles to see.

BASKET BALL.

By C. K. Gould.

The class football games will soon have passed into history. We must now turn toward other sports, and look to other fields in which to spend our time and exhibit those feelings of loyalty which are such striking characteristics of the class football contests.

Basket ball is a great game. A truly scientific game. One which requires almost as much "head work" as football. The idea that this game is primarily, for girls only is, altogether, erroneous. Endurance is absolutely necessary in a good basket ball player. Few games require more exertion. The running, jumping, turning and twisting are incessant. Good heart and lungs are involved.

Few games can give such thorough discipline of self-control. Few are so beneficial when properly played, and few so disastrous to a man's character, when allowed to run wild without regard to rules, because of the lack of control and direction.

It has been said that there is nothing connected with the life of a college man which reveals his character so much as the sport in which he engages. Of no sport is this truer than in basket ball. In no game, not even in football, is there so much chance for underhand duty work, if the player is not watched and taught fairness, generosity and regard for rules. One must learn to take hard knocks and slaps occasionally without imagining that his opponent is doing it purposely.

When played with the proper rapidity and intensity it cannot fail to be fascinating. Basket ball now occupies quite a prominent place in the athletics of our larger institutions. The Yale team recently made a southern tour, playing the Young Men's Christian Associations and athletic clubs in our larger cities. They were received with true southern hospitality and declared themselves delighted with the southern people. Come out and investigate for yourself this great game.

Orange and Blue Barber Shop

I express my gratitude to all for their past patronage, and earnestly solicit your trade in the future. Razor honing a specialty.

E. Renfro Proprietor

Furniture and Furnishings For Fraternity Halls, Club Houses, Etc.

Before buying any kind of Furniture, give us a call. We carry a large and well-selected stock and can please you in quality and price. :: :: :: ::

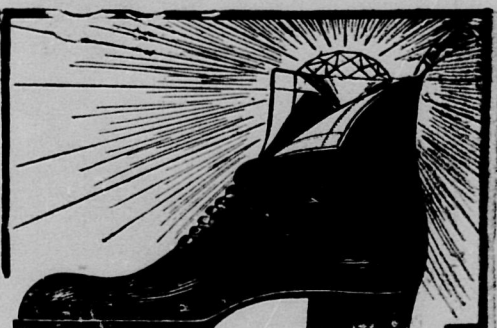
FREDERICK & CROSSLEY
South 8th Street, OPELIKA, ALA.

W. B. Gullatte

DEALER IN

STABILITIES and FESTIVITIES

Exchange bought and sold.



VALUE IN SHOES

Your shoe money goes a long way when invested in ERICA \$2.50 Shoes

They are made on precisely the same stylish lasts and in the same leathers as shoes costing a dollar more. The wear is perfect. They are made especially for us as a leader and sold very close as such. If you are a man who appreciates a trim shoe and are not against saving a dollar buy the Erica. Good shoes higher and lower in price.

T. A. FLANAGAN, Auburn.



When you want a nice school suit or a nice dress suit, call on

J. A. GREENE, THE TAILOR

Opelika

Bob and Sydney Foster

Clothes Cleaned and Pressed.

First-class service at moderate prices.

Choice line of Fruits and Confectioneries.

SOPHOMORE VS. FRESHMEN.

January 28, 1905.

At the opening of this game it seemed as though neither side would be able to score and only by superior team work and some little individual playing were the Freshmen able to win by the small margin of 5-0.

The interest of the game was marred by the continual fumbling on both sides, but this more than compensated for by the way the men on both teams went into each that Cheek at fullback and Steele play. It might be safely said at halfback won the game for the Freshmen.

Every time they were called upon to take the ball there was sure to be a gain. Constantine and Thagard for the Sophs did excellent work and had it not been for these two men the score would have been several touchdowns more. The Freshmen should be criticised for the slow play they indulged in. In the last part of the second half the Freshmen were making good gains every play and lost a touch down when within 3 yard of the goal line by taking up time in discussing which play would be run. The game was called with the ball in possession of the Freshmen when only 3 yards from the goal line.

Capt. Thagard wins the toss and chooses to defend the eastern goal.

FIRST HALF.

Neill kicks 45 yards to Burgess, who brings the skin back 10 yards. Thagard takes the ball for 4 yards. Thagard gets 5 yards. Weems gets 3 1-2 yards. Thagard makes it first down. Milner gets 2 yards. York 2 1-2. York fumbles and a Freshman falls on the ball.

Franks gets 2 1-2 yards. Franks 1 1-2 yards. Steele 10 yards. Franks fumbles and Constantine tucks the ball under his arm and starts down the field when he is tackled after going 5 yards. Milner loses 1 yard. Milner fails to gain. Tompkins punts 2 1-2 yards. The ball is fumbled and Beattie falls on it.

Soph's ball.

Milner fails to gain. Franks offside. First down 5 yards to gain. Milner gets 1 1-2 yards. Beattie 3. Reiderman 5-3-1 1-2. Thagard fails to gain. The ball goes over.

Miller gets 1-1-2 yards. Cheek 8. Neill fails to gain. Cheek does the same. Steele gets 4 yards. Ball goes to Soph's on downs.

Milner gets 1 yard, then makes it first down. Thagard gets 2 yards. Milner gets first down. Thagard fails to gain. Reiderman gets 4 yard. Tompkins drops back to kick, but fumbles and loses 10 yards. Ball goes to the Freshmen.

Hill fails to gain. Steele takes 4 yards. Franks first down. Cheek calls for 3 yards. Miller doesn't get any but Cheek makes it first down. Cheek makes 4 1-2 yards. Hill fumbles and loses 1 yard. Cheek takes it the required distance. Steele tears off 10 yards. Cheek gets 4 yards and 4 yards again. Franks carries the ball over for a touchdown. Franks fails at goal. Score: Freshmen, 5; Sophomores, 0.

There was only 15 seconds left

to play, so Cpts. Franks and Thagard agree to call it off until the second half.

SECOND HALF.

Tompkins kicks 50 yards to Cheek, who advances 12 yards. Franks gets 2 yards. Franks gets first down. Cheek fumbles, but a Freshman falls on the ball. Steele gets 4 yards and Cheek makes first down. Cheek gets 2 1-2 yards. Steele gets first down. Blanton fumbles and a Sophomore gets the ball.

Reiderman gets 1 yard. Burgess 3 1-2. Milner makes it first down. Reiderman takes 2 yards. On fake kick and buck Milner fails to gain. Milner gets 1 yard. Ball goes to Freshmen on downs.

Steele takes 5 yards. Cheek 2 yards. Cheek gets first down. Hill throttled man and Freshmen are penalized 5 yards. Miller then kicks 22 yards to Tompkins, who returns 5 yards. Soph's ball.

Constantine on end run gets 35 yards. Milner fails to gain. Reiderman tears off 3 1-2 yards, then gets first down. Miller comes in for 5 yards. Freshmen are penalized for 5 yards for Franks being offside. Constantine loses 2 1-2 yards. Milner gets 4 yards, but fumbles and the Freshmen get the ball.

Cheek gets 4 yards. Franks first down. Franks 1 yard. Cheek first down. Steele 5 yards. Cheek 3 1-2. At this point Beattie is hurt and has to retire from the game. Greene is substituted. Cheek makes first down. Franks 5 yards. Miller 1 yard. Center fumbles ball, which Steele falls upon. Cheek gets first down. Steele 7 yards. Franks 3 yards. Steele first down. Cheek 2 yards. Cheek first down. Steele 3 yards. Steele 7 1-2 yards. Cheek 5 yards. Franks 3 yards. Steele 7 1-2 yards. Miller 10 yards. Franks 1 yard. Steele fails to gain. Time is called with the ball 3 yards from goal line.

Freshmen line-up:
Center—Lock.
Left Guard—Neill.
Right Guard—Gant.
Left Tackle—Blanton.
Right Tackle—Franks (Capt.)
Left End—Paterson.
Right End—Warten.
Quarter—Hill.
Left Half—Miller.
Right Half—Steele.
Full Back—Cheek.

Sophomore line-up:
Center—Sistrunk.
Left Guard—Reiderman.
Right Guard—Beattie.
Left Tackle—Thagard.
Right Tackle—York.
Left End—Bryant.
Right End—Constantine.
Quarter—Tompkins.
Left Half—Weems.
Right Half—Milner.
Full Back—Burgess.
Officials—Reynolds, referee;
Umpire—Prof. Hare.
Head linesman—Lacey.
Time of halves—20 minutes.

Coach Foy, of the Fresh. team, states:

Both teams played good ball, but my men had the best of it.

Coach Streit, of Soph. team, states:

No more than I expected. My team put up a good game of ball.

J. FLOURNOY.

COACH DONOHUE ARRIVES

Will Coach Base-ball and Have Charge of the Varsity Next Season.

He is here—you did not believe it Friday morning when you heard it did you? Quietly dropping off an incoming Western train Thursday night Coach Donahue made his second pilgrimage into Auburn.

There was not the 400 students at the train yelling "who's the man." No. Why? Because no one knew of his coming. The news spread like wild fire that night and the next morning and as well known figure began to show it itself on the streets Friday morning many a fellow could be seen smiling the smile of the satisfied. Every one knew that Auburn was doing her best to secure him for the ensuing base and football season and the outcome was awaited with unabated interest. "Wise ones" told us that "he would either be here by the first of next week or that they would receive his refusal." But it remained for "Coach" to present Auburn with a big bunch of pleasant surprise by appearing in person, unheralded.

Coach Donahue announces that practice will begin the first of the week and Captain Hall has issued a call for candidates on that date.

The weather seems cold for practice these days, but Auburn is facing a hard schedule this season and the sooner Donahue gets to handling the bunch of ambitious swatties the better.

The candidates were discussed in a previous issue, but since then a big addition has arrived in the person of "Billy" May, a man who comes near making good in the oval business the past season and with a record for box work. "Like unto" Christy Matthewson's, Sam Weems and "Billie" May are a pair that will be hard to beat in the twirling world of college ball-dom.

The following schedule of Georgia reads like a home schedule of a Southern league club, looking at its length. It seems that the college has an encampment for one week beginning April 24. This allows the team to make a six days' trip without losing time from recitations. And it is during this time that they meet Alabama and Auburn:

Florida in Athens March 23.
Mercer in Athens March 25.
Tech in Atlanta April 8.
Davidson in Athens April 15.
Nashville in Athens April 19.
Clemson in Clemson April 24.
Alabama in Tuscaloosa April 26.

Alabama in Tuscaloosa April 27.

Auburn in Auburn April 28.
Auburn in Auburn April 29.
Mercer in Macon May 5.
Mercer in Macon May 6.
Tech in Athens May 10.
Clemson in Athens May 13.
Tech in Atlanta May 27.
Swanee in Atlanta May 31.

This gives Georgia six games on their own campus and ten away from home.

In the meantime from all indi-

cations, Auburn, with the present material and Donahue in charge, will give the habitants of the bleachers a game worth going miles to see.

BASKET BALL.

By C. K. Gould.

The class football games will soon have passed into history. We must now turn toward other sports, and look to other fields in which to spend our time and exhibit those feelings of loyalty which are such striking characteristics of the class football contests.

Basket ball is a great game. A truly scientific game. One which requires almost as much "head work" as football. The idea that this game is primarily for girls only is, altogether, erroneous. Endurance is absolutely necessary in a good basket ball player. Few games require more exertion. The running, jumping, turning and twisting are incessant. Good heart and lungs are involved.

Few games can give such thorough discipline of self-control. Few are so beneficial when properly played, and few so disastrous to a man's character, when allowed to run wild without regard to rules, because of the lack of control and direction.

It has been said that there is nothing connected with the life of a college man which reveals his character so much as the sport in which he engages. Of no sport is this truer than in basket ball. In no game, not even in football, is there so much chance for underhand duty work, if the player is not watched and taught fairness, generosity and regard for rules. One must learn to take hard knocks and slaps occasionally without imagining that his opponent is doing it purposely.

When played with the proper rapidity and intensity it cannot fail to be fascinating. Basket ball now occupies quite a prominent place in the athletics of our larger institutions. The Yale team recently made a southern tour, playing the Young Men's Christian Associations and athletic clubs in our larger cities. They were received with true southern hospitality and declared themselves delighted with the southern people. Come out and investigate for yourself this great game.

Orange and Blue Barber Shop

I express my gratitude to all for their past patronage, and earnestly solicit your trade in the future. Razor honing a specialty.

E. Renfro Proprietor

Furniture and Furnishings For Fraternity Halls, Club Houses, Etc.

Before buying any kind of Furniture, give us a call. We carry a large and well-selected stock and can please you in quality and price.

FREDERICK & CROSSLEY
South 8th Street, OPELIKA, ALA.

W. B. Gullatte

DEALER IN
STABILITIES and
FESTIVITIES

Exchange bought and sold.



VALUE IN SHOES
Your shoe money goes a long way when invested in
ERICA \$2.50 Shoes

They are made on precisely the same stylish lasts and in the same leathers as shoes costing a dollar more. The wear is perfect. They are made especially for us as a leader and sold very close as such. If you are a man who appreciates a trim shoe and are not against saving a dollar buy the Erica. Good shoes higher and lower in price.

T. A. FLANAGAN, Auburn.



When you want a nice school suit or a nice dress suit, call on

J. A. GREENE, THE TAILOR
Opelika

Bob and Sydney Foster

Clothes Cleaned and Pressed.
First-class service at moderate prices.

Choice line of Fruits and Confectioneries.



MANAGER LEONARD P. HALL.

Mr. Leonard P. Hall, better known as "Nubby," was the efficient and popular Manager of Varsity Football '04, and is Captain elect of the Varsity baseball squad.

This cut shows Nubby "all dressed up" and not in baseball togs, but nevertheless we will soon see him doing the stopping work at short.

Capt. Hall graduated in Electrical and Mechanical Engineering last June and is now engaged in the study of Mining Engineering. But in spite of all this engineering, Capt. Hall is at present presenting every one he speaks to with a smile, one of those wide cut ones, and hard to burst. The cause of this "Sunny Jim" business is explained under the following title:

"THE ARRIVAL OF MIKE DONAHUE."

Day after day the ball-tossing squad to be led by Hall has been told in these columns before, but any one desiring more dope on the situation will find Capt. Hall a fluent speaker. His home is in Birmingham.



CAPTAIN PHILIP LACEY, AUBURN VARSITY, '05.

The above is a likeness of Philip Lacey, the student selected to head Auburn's 1905 Varsity.

Lacey is from Bessemer, the town that nestles under the shadows of "Old Mount Slag." From the base of whose summit come so many football stars of Auburn. Lacey is a man with an enviable gridiron record, having played Tackle in 1902 under Coach Kent, a fast game at Half Back under Coach Bates in 1903, and Full Back the past year under Coach Donahue. Any one at all familiar with gridiron gossip or at least with Auburn products knows Lacey's famous "Automobile" style of bucking. Lacey tips the scales at 163, is 19 years old, and is 5 feet 7 inches high.

With such a man to head a bunch and with the peerless Coach of the South at the helm, no one should feel shaky in regard to the final outcome for the Football season of 1905.



CAPTAIN REYNOLDS, VARSITY, '04.

The above picture has appeared in this paper before, but bears repetition as every one agrees. Will Trit has the distinction of being the Captain of one of the two undefeated teams of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association and undoubtedly the champion of the Gulf States. His qualities along the pigskin line have been told many times before, but we cannot pass him by without a little boost for his heady work. It proved a turning point in many a game. With his readiness of eye and niftiness of feet we would place him as Captain of the all Southern and would be willing to back him against anybody. His control of his men would be a good point to study by many Captains. He is an Anniston boy, taking the Electrical and Mechanical course of the Senior year. In his passing out Auburn will lose a valuable man.

LOCALS

By R. P. Boyd.

There is a promise of interesting exercises at the college February 22. This is the day for the senior class exercises which are generally looked forward to with interest. The following is the program for the morning exercises: Address of the President, R. S. Reynolds; History of the Class, J. V. Denson; Poem, Miss May Harvey; Class Oration, K. L. Forrester; prophecy of the Class, J. H. Paterson.

The annual oratorical contest between the Wirt and Websterian Literary Societies will take place in the evening. The following is the list of speakers: J. A. Miller and F. E. Geibel, representing the Wirt Society; C. C. Certain and M. A. Frazer, representing the Websterian Societies. All of these young men are good speakers and stand among the first in their class.

Captain Richard Pearson Holson lectured to a large and enthusiastic audience on Friday night, January 20. His subject was "The Naval Supremacy of the United States," and those who were fortunate enough to hear him were convinced that the United States should have a large navy.

The following invitation has been received by several of the boys:

"The Montgomery Greys, Thirtieth Annual Ball, Auditorium, Friday Evening, February Tenth, Nineteen Hundred and Five."

Most of the Greys are old Auburn men and they always remember their friends at Auburn. The Greys are noted for their swell entertainments, but this is to excel any heretofore. The cadets from Auburn are requested to appear in uniform. Those who expect to attend from here are: Capt. O. E. Young, Capt. J. H. Paterson, Capt. J. S. Boyd, Capt. R. P. Boyd, Mr. Flowers and Mr. Guerry.

Mr. Seaborn Boyd spent last Saturday and Sunday in Montgomery.

The Phi Delta Theta Fraternity gave a banquet and smoker at the Royal in Opelika last Saturday.

Tow Weat, '00, was in Auburn last Friday and Saturday.

Wm. Hugh McEnery, '04, is in town this week circulating among his many friends.

Donahue is here.

H. H. Washington, '02, spent Saturday in Auburn.

Mrs. C. C. Thach entertained in a charming manner at six o'clock dinner on Tuesday in honor of Lieut. Hobson. The guests were as follows: Lieut. Hobson, Dr. B. B. Ross, Dr. Petrie, Dr. Drake, Dr. Smith and Pres. Thach. The dinner was served in seven courses. The moments flew on wings of swiftness as this congenial party enjoyed a "feast of reason and flow of soul" as well as the many delicious edibles which refresh the inner man.

On Friday evening, January 27th, Beta Eta Chapter of Kappa Sigma entertained their young lady friends at progressive domino-whist. On this occasion, their lovely hall was tastefully decorated with the fraternity colors, scarlet, white and emerald. The color scheme was carried out with red and white carnations and plumosus which were attached to score cards.

The prize, a handsome box of dominoes, was won by Miss Marion Anderson. At a late hour a delicious salad course ending with bon bons was served.

Mrs. Terrell was the charming chaperone on this occasion and in her own inimitable way made the evening a very pleasant one for all present. The following young ladies were present: Misses Mary Davis and Erin Black, of Opelika, Miss Marion Ander-

son, Alice Frazer, May Harvey, Mollie Hollifield, Mary Kate Jackson, Fannie Heard, Mary Kate Wills, Mary Susan Samford, Lucille Wright.

Websterian Society Entertained.

To encourage the young men who are cultivating the intellectual and oratorical element in the college, Mrs. Bell, assisted by a number of other ladies, tendered the Websterian Society a reception at her home upon last Friday night. Although there were two other entertainments in town quite a select crowd gathered and merrily passed the happy hours. A fine engraving of Webster delivering his famous speech was hung over the hall mantel, which was draped with the society colors—turquoise and gold. The same color scheme was carried out in the lamp shades and table cover, with yellow chrysanthemums in blue vases. Refreshments were chocolate and coffee, cakes and wafers and crackers.

The society is composed of a fine set of young men, whose voices may some time be heard in our Legislative halls. Let them be recognized for their worth and lofty endeavor.

THE CAPITOL OF OUR NATION

Dr. L. W. Payne, Ph. D., class '92, is head of the Encyclopedia Department of D. Appleton & Co., Philadelphia.

H. M. Kilpatrick, class '04, has a position with the U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

L. S. Boyd, class '92, is Private Secretary to Hon. Claude Kitchen, M. C., of N. C., at Washington, D. C. His address is 312 "C" Street, N. W.

J. Thomas Heffin, class '91, is a Member of Congress from the 5th Alabama District. He is registered in Washington at the Metropolitan Hotel, the Southern headquarters.

C. H. Billingsley, class '02, is connected with the Agricultural Department.

THE RESTERBUNT. (A True Happening.)

She had never been in a restaurant before. She walks in trying to be very civilized which showed more plainly that she was just from the country. A porter came up to her as she entered and she said, "Where is the manager of this resterbunt?" The porter showed the manager to her. She says, "Good afternoon, I would like to purchase something to eat." "Sure, madam, give your order to the waiter." She noticed the tables around her and said, "How much extra do you charge to sit at a table and eat inside?" "Why, nothing extra, madam, that's what we have them for." She sat down and looked over the menu. "What is this thing, porter?" "There's where you get your orders, mum." "Now, look here sir, I don't have orders from anybody, I do as I want to." "But what do you want, mum?" "I want something to eat." "But what do you want to eat?" "Food, sir, I don't eat wood." The proprietor came up and asked her to name, whether she wanted chicken or beef or something else, and finally the porter brought in her meal. "Have some bread, ma'am," he said, holding to her a plate. She became indignant and said, "I won't if I don't want to, and you can't make me eat it." He handed her several other things and she became so indignant that she ran out, and cried to the proprietor that "his old resterbunt was no good."

O. C. G.

PHI DELTA THETA BANQUET.

At the Royal Hotel in Opelika on January 21, the local chapter of Phi Delta Theta held their annual banquet beginning at 3 p. m.

The banquet hall of the hotel was decorated for the occasion with palms and the Orange and Blue colors of the fraternity. Plates were set for 25 and the following menu was served:

Oyster Cocktail
White Plume Celery . Queen Olives
Salted Almonds

Broiled Quail on Toast
Sliced Tennessee Turkey
Sweetbread Croquets Cheese Straws
Waldorf Salad En Mayonaise
Vanilla Ice Cream Assorted Cakes
Nuts Raisins Saltines
Demitosse
Perla De Codiz Cigars.

Mr. R. Clanton Smith, of Opelika, acted as toastmaster and was ably assisted by Mr. J. B. Lyons, also of that city. The toasts were sang and drank in college style until 6 p. m. Much merriment was derived from the impromptu toasts.

THE MONTGOMERY GREYS.

The following invitation has been received:

"The Montgomery Greys Thirtieth Annual Ball, Auditorium, Friday evening, February tenth, Nineteen hundred and five."

This affair promises to be the climax of the many social activities of the season in Montgomery. It is estimated that 300 couples will participate in the grand march, which will be led by Capt. Sheperd H. Roberts, an old Auburn captain.

The Greys have spared nothing in making this the most brilliant of their thirty balls, covering a period from 1875 up to the present date.

Decorations with a great electrical display promises a revelation. As usual a number of the boys from the cadet corps will attend.

Rice & Hutchins Get Grand Prize.
St. Louis, Mo., Rice & Hutchins of Boston, makers of All America shoes for men and women and Educator shoes for children, received Grand Prix at St. Louis Fair.



MANAGER LEONARD P. HALL.

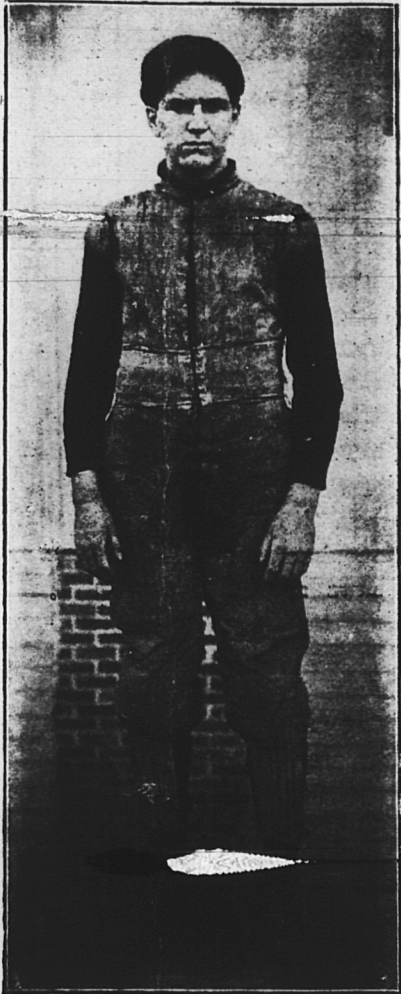
Mr. Leonard P. Hall, better known as "Nubby," was the efficient and popular Manager of Varsity Football '04, and is Captain of the Varsity baseball squad.

This cut shows Nubby "all dressed up" and not in baseball togs, but nevertheless we will soon see him doing the stopping work at short.

Capt. Hall graduated in Electrical and Mechanical Engineering last June and is now engaged in the study of Mining Engineering. But in spite of all this engineering, Capt. Hall is at present presenting every one he speaks to with a smile, one of those wide cut ones, and hard to burst. The cause of this "Sunny Jim" business is explained under the following title:

"THE ARRIVAL OF MIKE DONAHUE."

The prospects of the ball tossing squad to be led by Hall has been told in these columns before, but any one desiring more dope on the situation will find Capt. Hall a fluent speaker. His home is in Birmingham.



CAPTAIN PHILIP LACEY, AUBURN VARSITY, '05.

The above is a likeness of Philip Lacey, the student selected to head Auburn's 1905 Varsity.

Lacey is from Bessemer, the town that nestles under the shadows of "Old Mount Slag." From the base of whose summit come so many football stars of Auburn. Lacey is a man with an enviable gridiron record, having played Tackle in 1902 under Coach Kent, a fast game at Half Back under Coach Bates in 1903, and Full Back the past year under Coach Donahue. Any one at all familiar with gridiron gossip or at least with Auburn products knows Lacey's famous "Automobile" style of bucking. Lacey tips the scales at 163, is 19 years old, and is 5 feet 10 1/2 inches high.

With such a man to head a bunch and with the peerless Coach of the South at the helm, no one should feel shaky in regard to the final outcome for the Football season of 1905.



CAPTAIN REYNOLDS, VARSITY, '04.

The above picture has appeared in this paper before, but bears repetition as every one agrees. Will Trit has the distinction of being the Captain of one of the two undefeated teams of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association and undoubtedly the champion of the Gulf States. His qualities along the pigskin line have been told many times before, but we cannot pass him by without a little boost for his heady work. It proved a turning point in many a game. With his readiness of eye and niftiness of feet we would place him as Captain of the all Southern and would be willing to back him against anybody. His control of his men would be a good point to study by many Captains. He is an Anniston boy, taking the Electrical and Mechanical course of the Senior year. In his passing out Auburn will lose a valuable man.

LOCALS

By R. P. Boyd.

There is a promise of interesting exercises at the college February 22. This is the day for the senior class exercises which are generally looked forward to with interest. The following is the program for the morning exercises: Address of the President, R. S. Reynolds; History of the Class, J. V. Denson; Poem, Miss May Harvey; Class Oration, K. L. Forrester; prophecy of the Class, J. H. Paterson.

The annual oratorical contest between the Wirt and Websterian Literary Societies will take place in the evening. The following is the list of speakers: J. A. Miller and F. E. Ladd, representing the Wirt Society; C. C. Cactain and M. A. Frazer, representing the Websterian Societies. All of these young men are good speakers and stand among the first in their class.

Captain Richard Pearson Holson lectured to a large and enthusiastic audience on Friday night, January 20. His subject was "The Naval Supremacy of the United States," and those who were fortunate enough to hear him were convinced that the United States should have a large navy.

The following invitation has been received by several of the boys:

"The Montgomery Greys, Thirtieth Annual Ball, Auditorium, Friday Evening, February Tenth, Nineteen Hundred and Five."

Most of the Greys are old Auburn men and they always remember their friends at Auburn. The Greys are noted for their swell entertainments, but this is to excel any heretofore. The cadets from Auburn are requested to appear in uniform. Those who expect to attend from here are: Capt. O. E. Young, Capt. J. H. Paterson, Capt. J. S. Boyd, Capt. R. P. Boyd, Mr. Flowers and Mr. Guerry.

Mr. Seaborn Boyd spent last Saturday and Sunday in Montgomery.

The Phi Delta Theta Fraternity gave a banquet and smoker at the Royal in Opelika last Saturday.

Tow Weat, '00, was in Auburn last Friday and Saturday.

Wm. Hugh McEnery, '04, is in town this week circulating among his many friends.

Donahue is here.

H. H. Washington, '02, spent Saturday in Auburn.

Mrs. C. C. Thach entertained in a charming manner at six o'clock dinner on Tuesday in honor of Lieut. Hobson. The guests were as follows: Lieut. Hobson, Dr. B. B. Ross, Dr. Petrie, Dr. Drake, Dr. Smith and Pres. Thach. The dinner was served in seven courses. The moments flew on wings of swiftness as this congenial party enjoyed a "feast of reason and flow of soul" as well as the many delicious edibles which refresh the inner man.

On Friday evening, January 27th, Beta Eta Chapter of Kappa Sigma entertained their young lady friends at progressive domino-whist. On this occasion, their lovely hall was tastefully decorated with the fraternity colors, scarlet, white and emerald. The color scheme was carried out with red and white carnations and plumosus which were attached to score cards.

The prize, a handsome box of dominoes, was won by Miss Marion Anderson. At a late hour a delicious salad course ending with bon bons was served.

Mrs. Terrell was the charming chaperone on this occasion and in her own inimitable way made the evening a very pleasant one for all present. The following young ladies were present: Misses Mary Davis and Erin Black, of Opelika, Miss Marion Ander-

son, Alice Frazer, May Harvey, Mollie Hollifield, Mary Kate Jackson, Fannie Heard, Mary Kate Wills, Mary Susan Samford, Lucille Wright.

Websterian Society Entertained.

To encourage the young men who are cultivating the intellectual and oratorical element in the college, Mrs. Bell, assisted by a number of ladies, tendered the Websterian society a reception at her home upon last Friday night. Although there were two other entertainments in town quite a select crowd gathered and merrily passed the happy hours. A fine engraving of Webster delivering his famous speech was hung over the hall mantel, which was draped with the society colors—turquoise and gold. The same color scheme was carried out in the lamp shades and table cover, with yellow chrysanthemums in blue vases. Refreshments were chocolate and coffee, cakes and wafers and crackers.

The society is composed of a fine set of young men, whose voices may some time be heard in our Legislative halls. Let them be recognized for their worth and lofty endeavor.

THE CAPITOL OF OUR NATION

Dr. L. W. Payne, Ph. D., class '92, is head of the Encyclopedia Department of D. Appleton & Co., Philadelphia.

H. M. Kilpatrick, class '04, has a position with the U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

L. S. Boyd, class '92, is Private Secretary to Hon. Claude Kitchen, M. C., of N. C., at Washington, D. C. His address is 312 "C" Street, N. W.

J. Thomas Heflin, class '91, is a Member of Congress from the 5th Alabama District. He is registered in Washington at the Metropolitan Hotel, the Southern headquarters.

C. H. Billingsley, class '02, is connected with the Agricultural Department.

THE RESTERBUNT.

(A True Happening.)

She had never been in a restaurant before. She walks in trying to be very dignified which showed more plainly that she was just from the country. A porter came up to her as she entered and she said, "Where is the manager of this resterbunt?" The porter showed the manager to her. She says, "Good afternoon, I would like to purchase something to eat." "Sure, madam, give your order to the waiter." She noticed the tables around her and said, "How much extra do you charge to sit at a table and eat inside?" "Why, nothing extra, madam, that's what we have them for." She sat down and looked over the menu. "What is this thing, porter?" "There's where you get your orders, mum." "Now, look here sir, I don't have orders from anybody, I do as I want to." "But what do you want, mum?" "I want something to eat." "But what do you want to eat?" "Food, sir, I don't eat wood." The proprietor came up and asked her to name, whether she wanted chicken or beef or something else, and finally the porter brought in her meal. "Have some bread, ma'am," he said, holding to her a plate. She became indignant and said, "I won't if I don't want to, and you can't make me eat it." He handed her several other things and she became so indignant that she ran out, and cried to the proprietor that "his old resterbunt was no good."

O. C. G.

PHI DELTA THETA BANQUET.

At the Royal Hotel in Opelika on January 21, the local chapter of Phi Delta Theta held their annual banquet beginning at 3 p. m.

The banquet hall of the hotel was decorated for the occasion with palms and the Orange and Blue colors of the fraternity. Plates were set for 25 and the following menu was served:

Oyster Cocktail
White Plume Celery
Queen Olives
Salted Almonds

Broiled Quail on Toast
Sliced Tennessee Turkey
Sweetbread Croquets
Waldorf Salad En Mayonnaise
Vanilla Ice Cream
Nuts
Raisins
Demitosse
Peria De Codiz Cigars.

Mr. R. Clanton Smith, of Opelika, acted as toastmaster and was ably assisted by Mr. J. B. Lyons, also of that city. The toasts were sang and drank in college style until 6 p. m. Much merriment was derived from the impromptu toasts.

THE MONTGOMERY GREYS.

The following invitation has been received:

"The Montgomery Greys Thirtieth Annual Ball, Auditorium, Friday evening, February tenth, Nineteen hundred and five."

This affair promises to be the climax of the many social activities of the season in Montgomery. It is estimated that 300 couples will participate in the grand march, which will be led by Capt. Sheperd H. Roberts, an old Auburn captain.

The Greys have spared nothing in making this the most brilliant of their thirty balls, covering a period from 1875 up to the present date.

Decorations with a great electrical display promises a revelation. As usual a number of the boys from the cadet corps will attend.

Rice & Hutchins Get Grand Prize. St. Louis, Mo., Rice & Hutchins of Boston, makers of All America shoes for men and women and Educator shoes for children, received Grand Prix at St. Louis Fair.

A Biblical Review of the Past Football Season

**Auburn's Many Victories Told
in the Language of Long Ago**

 By W. W. D., '03

In the beginning was despair and little hope, and the spirit of defeat brooded over the young men of the village. Lusty and strong were they, but light at weight and not well versed in the art of the spherical pigskin. And their neighbors jeered and smiled for "Lo," they said, "now these many years we have beaten them, let us do so again. Wherefore, gird up your loins, O mighty ones, buckle on the shinguard, don the head guard, grasp ye the nose protector, and straightway prepare to smite the weak ones." So said they in many hamlets of the South country, where, after the harvest time, it was customary for the young men to congregate for the friendly sport of breaking bones and record to the sound of timbrals.

But into the youths of the village there dawned a new light, and it was a fierce light, this blaze of determination. And into their midst also came one from a distant State, from a far off place came he. Low and broad he was, this son of Ely, this new trainer of the young men, this preparer for the struggle. From the land of Mr. Dooley came his forebears, from the land of the Shamrock and the fierce Irish Bull. And his name was Donahue.

On the field rushed the players, stumbling, and bumping, and jostling. Great players they thought they were—mighty and strong for many rushed thus forth for the first time, and their head swam with importance, and they sorely needed a restorative and they got it. "Why rush ye forth like boobies, why jostle and why stumble. O ye young colts. Know ye not the wisdom of the game? Perceive ye not its hidden secret? Eleven as one wins the contest, each as eleven profiteth little." So Donahue, the son of Ely, from the land of Dooley trained the lusty company, and slowly they waxed stronger in learning and hardness. And the hour of the first event drew nigh. From the city of the river to the southward of the village came the first rival company. Great of limb and long of experience they were. And the sons of Montgomery rushed forth to the contest lustily, and the dust arose. But lo, eleven as one met them the tiger company, as a trained band they fought, as a monster with two score and two arms and two score and two legs and one brain. Up and down surged the young men, but the new born creature could not be withstood. And 22 to 0 was the score. Right shrilly cheered the youths of the village, and in a mighty shout did they give voice. And the elders thought it signified naught, But Donahue of Ely, of the land of Dooley smiled knowingly, because of his two score and two legged monster. And the evening and the morning of the first day.

From the country of the palmetto and the orange, and the palm

beach (frauds) came the next company to the contest. Unto the village itself came they, and straightway to the field. But indeed what little did it avail them, for the two score and two legged monster had grown, more invincible had it become, and 44 to 0 was the result. And right decisive was Florida's defeat. And the evening and the morning of the second day.

Now far to the North dwelt a tribe of warriors, the sons of Clemson, and their occupation was the care of the soil and the beating of other lusty companies, and iron, and even roll call like unto the youths of the village. Fierce men they were, stalworth and grim, and all feared them. "Come unto our camp, O little lads of the village and we will smite thee on the hip-bone in friendly contest, and naught but a sad story shall be left thereof." At the call of battle, up rose the company, and for the first time the two score and two legged monster left his loin, for into the outside world he went and his loin was behind him. Over rivers and through forests and fields he journeyed, past distant cities, even unto the camp of the Clemsonians. And right soon the contest was joined, and the young men rushed to the contest. And all around stood a great multitude crying lustily for the sons of Clemson and none there were to shout for the village youths save one small maiden. Bravely she encouraged the onslaught, for she, too, had come from the village, and her father was chief of the elders at that place. In awful contest fought the bands. And as evidence thereof, blood streamed from many wounds, and wildly clashed the clamor and loudly sounded the cabalistie call of the captains. But slowly moved the two score and two legged monster, and neither the prayers nor the deeds of the sons of Clemson could prevent, and all efforts sufficed not to stop its advance.

Now the little lads of the village were not spanked, and the result was 5 to 0, and it was good indeed. And the evening and the morning of the third day.

From the country of Tennessee came the sons of Nashville, from this far place they came, and ended they their journey in Birmingham, the city of skilled craftsmen in iron. The young men of the village met them there and in friendly contest they contended, and with no envy in their hearts they fought. And once again the sons of the village conquered, 19 to 0 was the score and it was good. And the evening and the morning of the fourth day.

Before the villagers, before the pupils of Donahue of Ely, of the land of Dooley loomed the next contest, and next on the list of their struggles was it. It would be fierce, for the tribe of Heisman

crouched ready to spring and had sworn sure vengeance for past defeats, and right loudly talked the newsmongers as to its strength, of its fierce qualities talked they. Now the trainer for the struggle of these young men was one Heisman, a fierce nomad, whose face was clean cut and shaven like unto a youth's and whose eyes sparkled with the din of many battles. And in the past he had trained the young men of the village, and his voice had instructed them. But lo, these young men had become old men, and his teaching had been forgotten, even that teaching that had fooled Ulysses of Troy, and the ancient sons of Georgia, for of great experience was he. Unto the village came the visitors, in good spirits for the battle came they, and their young men said unto our young men, "Come, wager you coin." And coin, even gold and silver coin was wagered. Now on to the plain trooped the rival companies, and like great wild zebras appeared the sons of Heisman, like unto the quaggar and the stripped wild horse. It is a great company, shouted the newsmongers, for swifter than the wind, as cunning as the fox, and will prevail because of its tricks. Then the battle was joined, but indeed on what looked the shouting multitude? For the creature of two score and two score legs and two score and two arms and one brain stretched forth its mighty strength and great was the consternation of the host, and the wild horses could only run before it and not around it, and were unable to compass it about with their speed. Loud were the lamentations of the cunning warriors, but little did their lamentation profiteth. Donahue of Ely of the land of Dooley looked on with a quiet smile, at his pet monster looked he, and the wild bear Jonas could not be held, and 12 to 0 became the score, which was a pleasant symbol. And the evening and the morning of the fifth day.

But the conquest of these foes caused only momentary rejoicing for the challenge of those of Tuscaloosa must be answered and a battle must be waged for the supremacy of the country side, and bright was the fire of determination. Now he who trained the young men of the rival city was a son of Ely, but he came not from the land of Dooley and he knew nothing of the fierce Irish bull. His trained young men were well trained indeed, in unison even like unto a many jointed astrologer's tube, in sureness of the future as the stars of heaven. And they rushed to Birmingham to the city of the iron makers rushed they. And the maidens of their village accompanied them and sweet songs they sang to cheer the victors on, and the hopes of victory burned brightly in the hearts of the tribe of Tuscaloosa, yea, as brightly as the bon-fires were to burn, and they piled high the wood, and made ready the feast. But hark, ye people of the kingdoms what came of the contest, what resulted in the struggle that there took place? The two score and two legged monster was now full grown and rushed

at the eleven stars, of the seven jointed astrologer's tube and with a sounding shout dimmed the shining of the stars broke astrologer's tube asunder, and walked at will about the field, even over the goal line it strode. Now great was the grief in the city of Tuscaloosa, and bon fires were not lighted and the maidens sang dirges, and the old men rent their garments, for the score was 29 to 6. And it was good. And the evening and the morning of the sixth day.

Now in six days a football record had been made, and a list of feats had been performed, and the young men of the village were sore tired. Yet one more contest must come to pass, one more battle must be fought and then they would rest indeed. And the youths of the village faced the rivals of old, the sons of Georgia, faced they, and the contest was certain to be sharp. To a far distant city traveled the company, and they journeyed afar to make battle. Then the struggle was joined and the warriors strove with one another midst mighty shouting, and the two score and two legged monster could not be withstood, and all efforts to stop its advance were futile. Now the sons of Georgia were crushed and Donahue of Ely from the land of Dooley, from the land of Shamrock, from the land of the spriggy shelaly, from the land of the fierce Irish bull smiled knowingly for the score was 17 to 5 and it was good. And the evening and the morning of the seventh day.

In seven contests the team from Auburn thus conquered its rivals in the South and State and burst forth in song at the banquet, even at the banquet served by beautiful maidens, and in the heart of each feaster was an unspoken toast, yea a toast which in feeling ran thus:

To football, God bless it,
The sport of the many,
The soul of the spirit
Which makes for the strong.
Contestants are brothers,
Who ere be the victors,
For friendships are forged
In the fight fierce and long.
Then the vaudy, Alabama,
Old Clemson and Georgia
Sewanee, and Tech.,
And Nashville and all,
Three cheers and a bumper,
Your teams are the right stuff
Three cheers and a bumper,
Three cheers
And
So long.

Exchange Department

Below we present some rag time rhymes, each one supposed to represent a fellow well known in Alabama Polytechnic life. The Orange and Blue offers a reward to the first man to send in a correct solution of these Tennysonian verses. The paper also reserves the right to withhold all rewards in case ———. Address Puzzle Editor Orange and Blue.

I.

There is a cadet in our town,
His hair is red and his race round,
Iney do say that with his feet
Did smash all records made at the Ormond meet.

II.

Here is one in our midst
Whose head is much larger than
hands young's etc.
In regard to college balls he beats
them all;
In fact he is a little star in Auburn
baseball.

III.

Then there's another, hair of reddish
hue,
Now don't think his face resembles
a blue print.
His name we cannot spell
but he is often heard to say come
on boys let's have a yell.

Some say Lot's wife turned to salt.
Others use wooden language and insist
that she turned to rubber.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me
how iron was discovered?
Johnny—I heard Pa say they smelt
it.

THE HALF BACK'S SOLILOQUY.
To buck or not to buck, that is the
question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the game to
hammer
The guards and tackles of an aggressive
team,
Or to take the ball around the enemy's
ends;
And by skirting them gain distance
To ~~buck~~ ~~to~~ ~~gain~~ ~~by~~ ~~to~~ ~~say~~ ~~we~~
Win a victory and many little honors
A team cares for. 'Tis a termination
Greatly to be desired—To buck—to
gain
To gain—perchance each time—ay,
there's the point
For in the game 'tis steady gains that
added
Serve to win the game and get us
glory
There's the virtue in playing hard,
a steady ball.

Contributions to the Glomerata must
all be in by the 1st of April at the
latest. If there be any who wish to
contribute something whether literary
or designs, it will be appreciated. Address
all matter to the Editor-in-Chief
of Glomerata.

Every man in college should get a
Glomerata by all means. It is not a
publication for the Senior class, although
it is gotten out by them. It is a college
annual, it is yours, it represents every
side of college life, and every class. Don't
wait but put in your subscription immediately.
WALTER R. SAMFORD,
Editor-in-Chief.

A chronic office seeker died in a
nearby county and one of his friends
was asked to suggest a suitable epitaph
for his tomb. He came back lies J. B. in
the only place he never applied for or tried
to get into."—Ex. promptly with the following: "Here

THE MOST POPULAR
COLLEGE SONGS

At Your Book Store. Price 50 cents.

A Biblical Review of the Past Football Season
Auburn's Many Victories Told
in the Language of Long Ago
By W. W. D., '03.

In the beginning was despair and little hope, and the spirit of defeat brooded over the young men of the village. Lusty and strong were they, but light at weight and not well versed in the art of the spherical pigskin. And their neighbors jeered and smiled for "Lo," they said, "now these many years we have beaten them, let us do so again. Wherefore, gird up your loins, O mighty ones, buckle on the shin-guard, don the head guard, grasp ye the nose protector, and straightway prepare to smite the weak ones." So said they in many hamlets of the South country, where, after the harvest time, it was customary for the young men to congregate for the friendly sport of breaking bones and record to the sound of timbrals.

But into the youths of the village there dawned a new light, and it was a fierce light, this blaze of determination. And into their midst also came one from a distant State, from a far off place came he. Low and broad he was, this son of Ely, this new trainer of the young men, this preparer for the struggle. From the land of Mr. Dooley came his forebears, from the land of the Shamrock and the fierce Irish Bull. And his name was Donahue.

On the field rushed the players, stumbling, and bumping, and jostling. Great players they thought they were—mighty and strong for many rushed thus forth for the first time, and their head swam with importance, and they sorely needed a restorative and they got it. "Why rush ye forth like boobies, why jostle and why stumble. O ye young colts. Know ye not the wisdom of the game? Perceive ye not its hidden secret? Eleven as one wins the contest, each as eleven profiteth little." So Donahue, the son of Ely, from the land of Dooley trained the lusty company, and slowly they waxed stronger in learning and hardness. And the hour of the first event drew nigh. From the city of the river to the southward of the village came the first rival company. Great of limb and long of experience they were. And the sons of Montgomery rushed forth to the contest lustily, and the dust arose. But lo, eleven as one met them the tiger company, as a trained band they fought, as a monster with two score and two arms and two score and two legs and one brain. Up and down surged the young men, but the new born creature could not be withstood. And 22 to 0 was the score. Right shrilly cheered the youths of the village, and in a mighty shout did they give voice. And the elders thought it signified naught, But Donahue of Ely, of the land of Dooley smiled knowingly, because of his two score and two legged monster. And the evening and the morning of the first day.

From the country of the palmetto and the orange, and the palm

beach (frauds) came the next company to the contest. Unto the village itself came they, and straightway to the field. But indeed what little did it avail them, for the two score and two legged monster had grown, more invincible had it become, and 44 to 0 was the result. And right decisive was Florida's defeat. And the evening and the morning of the second day.

Now far to the North dwelt a tribe of warriors, the sons of Clemson, and their occupation was the care of the soil and the beating of other lusty companies, and iron, and even roll call like unto the youths of the village. Fierce men they were, stalworth and grim, and all feared them. "Come unto our camp, O little lads of the village and we will smite thee on the hip-bone in friendly contest, and naught but a sad story shall be left thereof." At the call of battle, up rose the company, and for the first time the two score and two legged monster left his loin, for into the outside world he went and his loin was behind him. Over rivers and through forests and fields he journeyed, past distant cities, even unto the camp of the Clemsonians. And right soon the contest was joined, and the young men rushed to the contest. And all around stood a great multitude crying lustily for the sons of Clemson and none there were to shout for the village youths save one small maiden. Bravely she encouraged the onslaught, for she, too, had come from the village, and her father was chief of the elders at that place. In awful contest fought the bands. And as evidence thereof, blood streamed from many wounds, and wildly clashed the clamor and loudly sounded the cabalistie call of the captains. But slowly moved the two score and two legged monster, and neither the prayers nor the deeds of the sons of Clemson could prevent, and all efforts sufficed not to stop its advance.

Now the little lads of the village were not spanked, and the result was 5 to 0, and it was good indeed. And the evening and the morning of the third day.

From the country of Tennessee came the sons of Nashville, from this far place they came, and ended they their journey in Birmingham, the city of skilled craftsmen in iron. The young men of the village met them there and in friendly contest they contended, and with no envy in their hearts they fought. And once again the sons of the village conquered, 19 to 0 was the score and it was good. And the evening and the morning of the fourth day.

Before the villagers, before the pupils of Donahue of Ely, of the land of Dooley loomed the next contest, and next on the list of their struggles was it. It would be fierce, for the tribe of Heisman

crouched ready to spring and had sworn sure vengeance for past defeats, and right loudly talked the newsmongers as to its strength, of its fierce qualities talked they. Now the trainer for the struggle of these young men was one Heisman, a fierce nomad, whose face was clean cut and shaven like unto a youth's and whose eyes sparkled with the din of many battles. And in the past he had trained the young men of the village, and his voice had instructed them. But lo, these young men had become old men, and his teaching had been forgotten, even that teaching that had fooled Ulysses of Troy, and the ancient sops of Georgia, for of great experience was he. Unto the village came the visitors, in good spirits for the battle came they, and their young men said unto our young men, "Come, wager you coin." And coin, even gold and silver coin was wagered. Now on to the plain trooped the rival companies, and like great wild zebras appeared the sons of Heisman, like unto the quaggar and the stripped wild horse. It is a great company, shouted the newsmongers, for swifter than the wind, as cunning as the fox, and will prevail because of its tricks. Then the battle was joined, but indeed on what looked the shouting multitude? For the creature of two score and two score legs and two score and two arms and one brain stretched forth its mighty strength and great was the consternation of the host and the wild horses could only run before it and not around it, and were unable to compass it about with their speed. Loud were the lamentations of the cunning warriors, but little did their lamentation profiteth. Donahue of Ely of the land of Dooley looked on with a quiet smile, at his pet monster looked he, and the wild bear Jonas could not be held, and 12 to 0 became the score, which was a pleasant symbol. And the evening and the morning of the fifth day.

But the conquest of these foes caused only momentary rejoicing for the challenge of those of Tuscaloosa must be answered and a battle must be waged for the supremacy of the country side, and bright was the fire of determination. Now he who trained the young men of the rival city was a son of Ely, but he came not from the land of Dooley and he knew nothing of the fierce Irish bull. His trained young men were well trained indeed, in unison even like unto a many jointed astrologer's tube, in sureness of the future as the stars of heaven. And they rushed to Birmingham to the city of the iron makers rushed they. And the maidens of their village accompanied them and sweet songs they sang to cheer the victors on, and the hopes of victory burned brightly in the hearts of the tribe of Tuscaloosa, yea, as brightly as the bon-fires were to burn, and they piled high the wood, and made ready the feast. But hark, ye people of the kingdoms what came of the contest, what resulted in the struggle that there took place? The two score and two legged monster was now full grown and rushed

at the eleven stars, of the seven jointed astrologer's tube and with a sounding shout dimmed the shining of the stars broke astrologer's tube asunder, and walked at will about the field, even over the goal line it strode. Now great was the grief in the city of Tuscaloosa, and bon fires were not lighted and the maidens sang dirges, and the old men rent their garments. For the score was 29 to 6. And it was good. And the evening and the morning of the sixth day.

Now in six days a football record had been made, and a list of feats had been performed, and the young men of the village were sore tired. Yet one more contest must come to pass, one more battle must be fought and then they would rest indeed. And the youths of the village faced the rivals of old, the sons of Georgia, faced they, and the contest was certain to be sharp. To a far distant city traveled the company, and they journeyed afar to make battle. Then the struggle was joined and the warriors strove with one another midst mighty shouting, and the two score and two legged monster could not be withstood, and all efforts to stop its advance were futile. Now the sons of Georgia were crushed and Donahue of Ely from the land of Dooley, from the land of Shamrock, from the land of the spriggy shelay, from the land of the fierce Irish bull smiled knowingly for the score was 17 to 5 and it was good. And the evening and the morning of the seventh day.

In seven contests the team from Auburn thus conquered its rivals in the South and State and burst forth in song at the banquet, even at the banquet served by beautiful maidens, and in the heart of each feaster was an unspoken toast, yea a toast which in feeling ran thus:

To football, God bless it,
The sport of the many,
The soul of the spirit
Which makes for the strong.
Contestants are brothers,
Who ere be the victors,
For friendships are forged
In the fight fierce and long.
Then the vandy, Alabama,
Old Clemson and Georgia
Sewanee, and Tech.,
And Nashville and all,
Three cheers and a bumper.
Your teams are the right stuff
Three cheers and a bumper,
Three cheers
And
So long.

Exchange Department

Below we present some rag time rhymes, each one supposed to represent a fellow well known in Alabama Polytechnic life. The Orange and Blue offers a reward to the first man to send in a correct solution of these Tennysonian verses. The paper also reserves the right to withhold all rewards in case _____ Address Puzzle Editor Orange and Blue.

I.
There is a cadet in our town,
His hair is red and his face round,
They do say that with his feet
Did smash all records made at the Ormond meet.

II.
Here is one in our midst
Whose head is much larger than
Hands Young's list,
In regard to college balls he beats
Them all;
In fact he is a little star in Auburn
Casalan.

III.
Then there's another, hair of reddish tint,
Now don't think his face resembles
A blue print.
His name we cannot spell
But he is often heard to say come
On boys let's have a yell.

Some say Lot's wife turned to salt.
Others use wooden language and insist
That she turned to rubber.

Teacher Johnny, can you tell me
How iron was discovered?
Johnny—I heard Pa say they smelt
It.

THE HALF BACK'S SOLILOQUY.
To buck or not to buck, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the game to
hammer
The guards and tackles of an aggressive team,
Or to take the ball around the enemy's ends;
And by skirting them gain distance
To buck—to gain, and by a gain to
say we
Win a victory and many little honors
A team cares for: 'Tis a termination
Greatly to be desired—To buck—to
gain
To gain—perchance each time—ay,
there's the point
For in the game 'tis steady gains that
added
Serve to win the game and get us
glory
There's the virtue in playing hard,
steady ball.

Contributions to the Glomerata must
all be in by the 1st of April at the
latest. If there be any who wish to
contribute something whether literary
or designs, it will be appreciated. Address
all matter to the Editor-in-Chief
of Glomerata.

Every man in college should get a
Glomerata by all means. It is not a
publication for the Senior class, although
it is gotten out by them. It is a college
annual, it is yours, it represents every
side of college life, and every class. Don't
wait but put in your subscription immediately.
WALTER R. SAMFORD,
Editor-in-Chief.

A chronic office seeker died in a
nearby county and one of his friends
was asked to suggest a suitable epitaph
for his tomb. He came back lies J. B. in
the only place he never applied for or tried
to get into.—Ex. promptly with the following: "Here

THE MOST POPULAR
COLLEGE SONGS

The Blending of the Blue and the Gray

A WAR-TIME TALE

By

J. B. MOSELY, Auburn '05

It was Saturday night, and the tired soldiers of General Longstreet's division could be seen in groups around the camp fires. The division had been on a forced march, all day, but by sundown had reached its destination and the men were now resting and warming themselves and discussing the day's march. They were tired, but this they had forgotten, tomorrow would be Sunday, and all expected to pass one quiet Sabbath day free from a battle or even a skirmish. Grant was far away and they were at the desired position and hence could foresee of nothing to prevent their passing a quiet Sabbath day.

ARRIVAL OF THE MESSENGER.

Not long, however, and the camp was in a stir. A messenger had arrived from General Lee. What the message was, no one knew, but orders were given to "turn in" at once, and be ready to march at daybreak. "March!" Why should they march, when Grant was so far away? But soon the truth was known—Grant is already on the march and "We must head him off," were the words on the lips of every one when he at last went to sleep.

At the time of the messenger who had been sent by Lee, was not yet asleep. He was thinking of the long and perilous ride he had just made; the whole adventure passed as a vision before his closed eyes. He did not think of how near he had come to being killed, but of how near the message had come never being delivered. Three messengers had been dispatched with the same message and he alone had come through safely. And he—it made him shudder to think of it now—was almost dead now from fatigue. Three times he had met the enemy face to face. Once he deceived them and escaped unsuspected. Again he escaped by the fleetness of his horse, leaving the enemy behind. But the last time—then his horse was shot from under him and he himself wounded. He escaped by swimming a river, shooting one of the enemy whom he chanced to meet, and mounting the dead man's horse, was out of sight before his pursuers could cross the river. It was these incidents that now kept him awake. All around he could hear the snoring of his comrades, the steady tramping of the sentinels and the champing of the horses. With these thoughts and sounds he fell asleep.

In less than an hour he was rudely awaked. "Surely it is not morning," he thought. No, Longstreet wanted him to return with a message to General Lee. He thought this imposition, but a moment's reflection showed him that he alone could be expected to carry it through safely, and not once in a thousand times could he do so. Cheerfully he mounted his steed and rode out beyond the vedette post. Fortune favored him and only once was he halted, and

that was on reaching the outpost of Lee's camp. At sunrise next morning he came before Lee and delivered the message in person.

The day was spent in marching and preparing for battle. At 6 o'clock in the afternoon Lee and Longstreet joined forces. Sentinels were posted, fires were made, and soon the camp was dead in sleep. Men almost fell in their tracks and went to sleep, so tired and exhausted were they. Roger, among the rest, was sleeping on the cold bare ground on this rainy December night. Again he was rudely aroused. At first he thought he was falling, but soon he became conscious of being in water, and then he felt his back grating against something he knew not what; he knew, too, that his heels were in the air and that something had hold of them. Finally, he was stopped; he stood up to see what was going on. By the faint light of the fire he could see that artillery was coming up and that a road was being cleared. The clearing party was dragging the sleeping soldiers out to each side, and, strange to say, Roger was the only one to awake during this rude but quick manner of clearing the way. He was too near dead to either watch or help. He tried to find a spot of ground on which to sleep, but the fire occupied the only spot that was not covered with water. Finally, he joined his companions, lay in three inches of water with his head on a rock, and slept the night through.

A BATTLE WITHOUT BREAKFAST.

At daybreak the bugle sounded, in a few moments the entire army was under arms and ready to march. It was not the call to breakfast that blew, not a man ate breakfast, not a man had a dry piece of clothing on him, but still not a word of complaint was heard. The battle began and the Confederates were forced back a short distance, but not far. They made the second attack and drove Grant back in confusion. One of the first to fall in this second charge was Roger Williams. He was not killed. He lay there and saw his comrades rush by; he heard the sound of the battle get farther and farther away until it almost ceased, and he knew the Union army had been driven across the river.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Then he thought of his wounded friends around him. He heard a groan and turned to see who it was; it came from behind a large rock. He crawled around, but instead of a friend, a Union soldier lay there. Roger dragged himself to his side, and without a word surveyed him from head to foot. The little Yankee was young and handsome; he was well dressed and wore on his sleeve the designation of a sergeant. Roger still looked, but did not speak. The

thoughts of the night before swept through his brain; how could he have mercy on one who caused him so much hardship, and one who would not have mercy on him if the tables were turned? The little sergeant was crying, and between the sobs Roger caught the words, "We are beaten. The rebels will kill me. I know they will—and mother and sister. And—" Here Roger laid his hand on his shoulder—he knew what the next word would be; to him, too, there was a name very dear indeed. The little Yankee looked up, and soon the two boys were engaged in a friendly talk, though neither forgot the differences between them.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

Let us turn to another part of the field. Sitting with his back against a tree, was a wounded Union soldier. From his rough appearance and poor language it was evident that he was unrefined and uneducated. At his feet sat, or half reclined, a Southern negro. The soldier was evidently trying to incite the negro against his master. He pointed out and with frequent oaths and gesticulations emphasized, what the North was doing in order that he might be free, and what the South was doing to keep him in bondage and in the place of a dog. The negro agreed to everything with a smile and a nod. "And now," said the soldier, "You git to home to yer people, raise an army of 'em and take every damn house and plantation in the country; they are your'n and you kin heve'm." "Yes, sar, Massa," and with these words the negro rose to obey, not dreaming that he was five hundred miles from home.

Let us pause now and see the relation of our characters. Roger Williams came from upper South Carolina and had brought his slave, Sam, along, as many southern boys did. When Roger went to carry Lee's message, Sam was left behind. Upon his return, Sam was not seen, and the battle was fought without seeing or even thinking of Sam. But now, as he lay here dying from his wounds, from hunger and from cold, he wished for Sam to come and take him to some place more comfortable. But he did not wish for Sam to come for him alone, he wanted the little Union sergeant taken, too, for by now he had begun almost to like him. Although Roger had not seen Sam for several days, the slave had not forgotten his master. He was now out on the body-strewn field looking to see if his master was among the dead or wounded. He was busy turning over bodies, when he was stopped by the rough Union soldier with whom we found him. When Sam arose from in front of the northern man, he had lost all thought of his master; but before he had gone many steps he heard a familiar call, and looking up saw his master. He

(Continued on 7th Page.)

Alabama Polytechnic Institute

Auburn, Alabama

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION: The courses of instruction include the Physical, Chemical, and Natural Sciences, with their applications; Agriculture, Mechanics, Astronomy, Mathematics, Civil and Electrical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Drawing, English, French, German and Latin Languages, History, Political Economy, Mental Science, Physiology, Veterinary Science and Pharmacy.

LABORATORY INSTRUCTION: Laboratory instruction and practical work are given in the following departments: I, Chemistry; II, Engineering, Field Work, Surveying, etc.; III, Agriculture; IV, Botany; V, Mineralogy; VI, Biology; VII, Technical Drawing; VIII, Mechanic Arts; IX, Physics; X, Electrical Engineering; XI, Veterinary Science; XII, Mechanical Engineering; XIII, Pharmacy; XIV, Mining Engineering; XV, Horticulture.

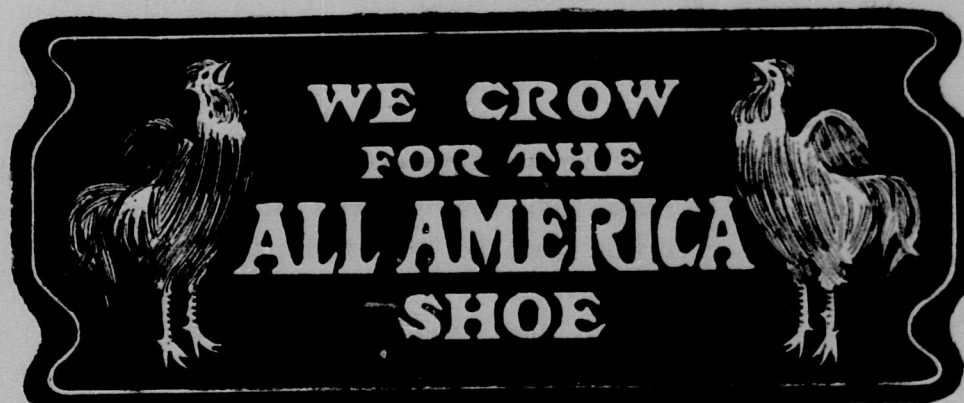
ATTENDANCE: The attendance last year was 480, representing nine States and three foreign countries; 54 counties of Alabama being represented.

LOCATION: The College is located in the town of Auburn, sixty miles east of Montgomery, on the line of the Western Railroad.

BOARDING: The College has no barracks or dormitories, and the students board with families of the town of Auburn, and thus enjoy all the protecting and beneficial influences of the family circle.

EXPENSE: There is no charge for tuition for residents of Alabama. Incidental fee per half session, \$2.50; Library fee per half session, \$1.00; surgeon's fee per half session, \$2.50; laboratory fees in junior and senior years \$5.00 per session; board per month, \$12.00 to \$15.00. At houses rented by the College, board can be secured at \$9.50 per month. These fees payable on matriculation.

CHAS. C. THACH, M. A., President.



Yes and we are justified in so doing. We are convinced by experience. The continued satisfaction

ALL AMERICA 3.50 Shoes

have given our trade enables us to say fearlessly that they are not excelled in style, fit or wear by any shoes at anything like the price. When shoeing again—just look. Then we have good honest shoes at lower prices. Shoes that are satisfying. Every good thing in shoes can be had here at lowest prices.

T. A. Flanagan, Auburn.

Red and White,
Will treat you right;
Come and try.
Will surely buy.

Will You Give Us Your Order?

We call your attention to the fact that we are still representing The Continental Tailoring Co., one of the best of Chicago. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

BOOKS

The "Regal" Shoe gives both comfort and service.

STATIONERY

A full assortment of picture moulding just received; also a beautiful line of ready framed pictures.

WRIGHT BROS.

S. L. TOOMER

(Successor to LAZARUS & TOOMER)

AUBURN, ALABAMA

LEADING PHARMACIST

AND DEALER IN PATENT MEDICINES AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES, DRUGGISTS' FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES, HAIR, TOOTH AND PAINT BRUSHES

Prescriptions Filled by us Contain Only the Purest Ingredients and are Compounded by a Skilled Pharmacist.

The Blending of the Blue and the Gray

A WAR-TIME TALE

By

J. B. MOSELY, Auburn '05

It was Saturday night, and the tired soldiers of General Longstreet's division could be seen in groups around the camp fires. The division had been on a forced march all day, but by sundown had reached its destination and the men were now resting and warming themselves and discussing the day's march. They were tired, but this they had forgotten, tomorrow would be Sunday, and all expected to pass one quiet Sabbath day free from a battle or even a skirmish. Grant was far away and they were at the desired position, and hence could foresee of nothing to prevent their passing a quiet Sabbath day.

ARRIVAL OF THE MESSENGER.

Not long, however, and the camp was in a stir. A messenger had arrived from General Lee. What the message was, no one knew, but orders were given to "turn in" at once, and be ready to march at daybreak. "March!" Why should they march, when Grant was so far away? But soon the truth was known—Grant is already on the march and "We must head him off," were the words on the lips of every one when he at last went to sleep.

Roger Williams, the messenger who had been sent by Lee, was not yet asleep. He was thinking of the long and perilous ride he had just made; the whole adventure passed as a vision before his closed eyes. He did not think of how near he had come to being killed, but of how near the message had come never being delivered. Three messengers had been dispatched with the same message and he alone had come through safely. And he—it made him shudder to think of it now—was almost dead now from fatigue. Three times he had met the enemy face to face. Once he deceived them and escaped unsuspected. Again he escaped by the fleetness of his horse, leaving the enemy behind. But the last time—then his horse was shot from under him and he himself wounded. He escaped by swimming a river, shooting one of the enemy whom he chanced to meet, and mounting the dead man's horse, was out of sight before his pursuers could cross the river. It was these incidents that now kept him awake. All around he could hear the snoring of his comrades, the steady tramping of the sentinels and the champing of the horses. With these thoughts and sounds he fell asleep.

In less than an hour he was rudely awaked. "Surely it is not morning," he thought. No, Longstreet wanted him to return with a message to General Lee. He thought this imposition, but a moment's reflection showed him that he alone could be expected to carry it through safely, and not once in a thousand times could he do so. Cheerfully he mounted his steed and rode out beyond the vedette post. Fortune favored him and only once was he halted, and

that was on reaching the outpost of Lee's camp. At sunrise next morning he came before Lee and delivered the message in person.

The day was spent in marching and preparing for battle. At 6 o'clock in the afternoon Lee and Longstreet joined forces. Sentinels were posted, fires were made, and soon the camp was dead in sleep. Men almost fell in their tracks and went to sleep, so tired and exhausted were they. Roger, among the rest, was sleeping on the cold bare ground on this rainy December night. Again he was rudely aroused. At first he thought he was falling, but soon he became conscious of being in water, and then he felt his back grating against something he knew not what; he knew, too, that his heels were in the air and that something had hold of them. Finally, he was stopped; he stood up to see what was going on. By the faint light of the fire he could see that artillery was coming up and that a road was being cleared. The clearing party was dragging the sleeping soldiers out to each side, and, strange to say, Roger was the only one to awake during this rude but quick manner of clearing the way. He was too near dead to either watch or help. He tried to find a spot of ground on which to sleep, but the fire occupied the only spot that was not covered with water. Finally, he joined his companions, lay in three inches of water with his head on a rock, and slept the night through.

A BATTLE WITHOUT BREAKFAST.

At daybreak the bugle sounded, in a few moments the entire army was under arms and ready to march. It was not the call to breakfast that blew, not a man ate breakfast, not a man had a dry piece of clothing on him, but still not a word of complaint was heard. The battle began and the Confederates were forced back a short distance, but not far. They made the second attack and drove Grant back in confusion. One of the first to fall in this second charge was Roger Williams. He was not killed. He lay there and saw his comrades rush by; he heard the sound of the battle get farther and farther away until it almost ceased, and he knew the Union army had been driven across the river.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Then he thought of his wounded friends around him. He heard a groan and turned to see who it was; it came from behind a large rock. He crawled around, but instead of a friend, a Union soldier lay there. Roger dragged himself to his side, and without a word surveyed him from head to foot. The little Yankee was young and handsome; he was well dressed and wore on his sleeve the designation of a sergeant. Roger still looked, but did not speak. The

thoughts of the night before swept through his brain, how could he have mercy on one who caused him so much hardship, and one who would not have mercy on him if the tables were turned? The little sergeant was crying, and between the sobs Roger caught the words, "We are beaten. The rebels will kill me. I know they will—and mother and sister. And—" Here Roger laid his hand on his shoulder—he knew what the next word would be; to him, too, there was a name very dear indeed. The little Yankee looked up, and soon the two boys were engaged in a friendly talk, though neither forgot the differences between them.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

Let us turn to another part of the field. Sitting with his back against a tree, was a wounded Union soldier. From his rough appearance and poor language it was evident that he was unrefined and uneducated. At his feet sat, or half reclined, a Southern negro. The soldier was evidently trying to incite the negro against his master. He pointed out and with frequent oaths and gesticulations emphasized, what the North was doing in order that he might be free, and what the South was doing to keep him in bondage and in the place of a dog. The negro agreed to everything with a smile and a nod. "And now," said the soldier, "You git to home to yer people, raise an army of 'em and take every damn house and plantation in the country; they are your'n and you kin heve 'em." "Yes, sar, Massa," and with these words the negro rose to obey, not dreaming that he was five hundred miles from home.

Let us pause now and see the relation of our characters. Roger Williams came from upper South Carolina and had brought his slave, Sam, along, as many southern boys did. When Roger went to carry Lee's message, Sam was left behind. Upon his return, Sam was not seen, and the battle was fought without seeing or even thinking of Sam. But now, as he lay here dying from his wounds, from hunger and from cold, he wished for Sam to come and take him to some place more comfortable. But he did not wish for Sam to come for him alone, he wanted the little Union-sergeant taken, too, for by now he had begun almost to like him. Although Roger had not seen Sam for several days, the slave had not forgotten his master. He was now out on the body-strewn field looking to see if his master was among the dead or wounded. He was busy turning over bodies, when he was stopped by the rough Union soldier with whom we found him. When Sam arose from in front of the northern man, he had lost all thought of his master; but before he had gone many steps he heard a familiar call, and looking up saw his master. He

(Continued on 7th Page.)

Alabama Polytechnic Institute

Auburn, Alabama

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION: The courses of instruction include the Physical, Chemical and Natural Sciences, with their applications; Agriculture, Mechanics, Astronomy, Mathematics, Civil and Electrical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Drawing, English, French, German and Latin Languages, History, Political Economy, Mental Science, Physiology, Veterinary Science and Pharmacy.

LABORATORY INSTRUCTION: Laboratory instruction and practical work are given in the following departments: I, Chemistry; II, Engineering, Field Work, Surveying, etc.; III, Agriculture; IV, Botany; V, Mineralogy; VI, Biology; VII, Technical Drawing; VIII, Mechanic Arts; IX, Physics; X, Electrical Engineering; XI, Veterinary Science; XII, Mechanical Engineering; XIII, Pharmacy; XIV, Mining Engineering; XV, Horticulture.

ATTENDANCE: The attendance last year was 480, representing nine States and three foreign countries; 54 counties of Alabama being represented.

LOCATION: The College is located in the town of Auburn, sixty miles east of Montgomery, on the line of the Western Railroad.

BOARDING: The College has no barracks or dormitories, and the student's board with families of the town of Auburn, and thus enjoy all the protecting and beneficial influences of the family circle.

EXPENSE: There is no charge for tuition for residents of Alabama. Incidental fee per half session, \$2.50; Library fee per half session, \$1.00; surgeon's fee per half session, \$2.50; laboratory fees in junior and senior years \$5.00 per session; board per month, \$12.00 to \$15.00. At houses rented by the College, board can be secured at \$9.50 per month. These fees payable on matriculation.

CHAS. C. THACH, M. A., President.



Yes and we are justified in so doing. We are convinced by experience. The continued satisfaction

ALL AMERICA 3.50 Shoes

have given our trade enables us to say fearlessly that they are not excelled in style, fit or wear by any shoes at anything like the price. When shoeing again—just look. Then we have good honest shoes at lower prices. Shoes that are satisfying. Every good thing in shoes can be had here at lowest prices.

T. A. Flanagan, Auburn.

Red and White,
Will treat you right;
Come and try.
Will surely buy.

Will You Give Us Your Order?

We call your attention to the fact that we are still representing The Continental Tailoring Co., one of the best of Chicago. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

BOOKS

The "Regal" Shoe gives both comfort and service.

STATIONERY

A full assortment of picture moulding just received; also a beautiful line of ready framed pictures.

WRIGHT BROS.

S. L. TOOMER

(Successor to LAZARUS & TOOMER)

AUBURN, ALABAMA

LEADING PHARMACIST

AND DEALER IN PATENT MEDICINES AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES, DRUGGISTS' FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES, HAIR, TOOTH AND PAINT BRUSHES

Prescriptions Filled by us Contain Only the Purest Ingredients and are Compounded by a Skilled Pharmacist.

The Blending of the Blue and the Gray

(Continued from 6th Page.)

hesitated before heeding the call; he turned and looked at the soldier he had just left. As he thought his decision would decide the result of the war. On one side stood bondage, hard work, but his master and his same log cabin; on the other was freedom, wealth and honor. Which summons must he obey? He saw the face of his master and the man dressed in blue by his side; he moved toward them, not knowing whether it was his master or the blue uniform that drew him.

An ambulance drove up and it was the work of only a few minutes to put in Roger and the Union sergeant. The other Union soldier was also put in the same wagon, and Sam sat on the side. Pause and think of these four men: one a true southerner, fighting for love of home and his rights; another a negro slave, ignorant and true while so, but imaginative, having no sense of right or justice, capable of being deceived and led into anything; still another, with the love of country at heart, and fighting for the preservation of the Union; and yet another fighting for excitement and money, with all the intense hatred and prejudice of which man is capable—not knowing the true nature of his rebel enemy and too ignorant and too proud to want to know.

Horrors of Reconstruction.

Eight years have passed; the war is over and the South is shaded by the dark cloud of Reconstruction. Roger Williams, with his sister Helen, lives in a small two-room cabin of their native town, Waterloo, South Carolina; while Sam Williams, their former slave, lives just up the hill in a large ten-room house, surrounded by boxwood and roses. J. H. Reavely, who, on the battlefield, had first filled Sam's head with dreams of greatness, was now the tyrant ruler of the Waterloo community, and lived in the same house with Sam Williams.

"My dear," said Roger to his sister, one night when he came home, "I want to kiss you good-bye. In a few minutes I shall be dragged out and carried to bow down and worship Sam and Reavely. I have been accused of being the Ku-Klux leader, and though it be true, they haven't the slightest reason for thinking it." With this they kissed each other, and just in time, for the door opened, three negroes entered and took him from his sister's arms to the dungeon cell. Here he remained three days, when he was at last dragged before the court. But who occupied the judge's seat? Not Reavely, but a new judge, one who wore a blue uniform and upon whose shoulders were the epaulets of a captain. Roger noticed this, then guiltily looked over the room. There on the front seat sat his sister. Though her eyes were filled with tears, she looked more beautiful than ever before.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

From her Roger turned to the judge; their eyes met, and both men stood and stared. The lips of the judge relaxed into a smile; he moved through the excited jurymen to where Roger stood, and clasped both his hands. Neither man spoke, their hearts were too full. Then turning to the jury the judge said: "There will be no trial today; the court may consider itself adjourned until further orders." In a moment Helen was on the stand with her arms around her brother's neck; then she turned and shook hands with the Union soldier she had once nursed at the Richmond hospital. "Roger," said the young judge, "Take your sister home; in an hour I shall be there and take dinner with you." "Can't you wait until after dinner?" ventured Helen in her modest but sweet voice. "We shall have no dinner today; there is only a handful of meal left, and there is not a thing to eat in the house." "I know all about it," he said. "Go home and make a fire and have the table ready."

JUSTICE AND LOVE.

An hour later the door of the Williams cabin opened and the little uniformed judge walked in; outside stood a wagon loaded with everything necessary for an excellent dinner, and, besides, there was enough to last the little household for many days. Roger, Helen and Capt. Morgan, for that was his name, sat down before the fire, while their one faithful servant, an old negro woman, prepared the dinner. All were silent for a while, when Capt. Morgan began: "Roger, it has been a long time since we left the Richmond hospital. I promised you to come South some day, and now I have come. I have never forgotten those two months I lay there almost dead, and how your sister so tenderly nursed me even after you were back on the battle field. I know I am right when I call both of you friends, and I have thought of you every day since that time. By special request I have been allowed to come to this post, and on arriving I found my first case against one Roger Williams; I investigated, found it to be you, postponed the trial, personally looked into the whole matter, and find that it is all prejudice and grudge, and not a legal complaint. I have also gone through and through the whole proceedings in regard to the confiscation of your property, and, I might add, that in thirty days from tomorrow, you may move back to the homestead." Here Roger rose and left the room, and Capt. Morgan continued: "Miss Helen, if you will allow me, I shall say a few words regarding you alone."

OH! DR. CUPID.

During my sickness at Richmond, I learned to regard you in a way I had never regarded another being. Your pleasant, sweet disposition completely won me, and since that time I have remained an ardent and devoted ad-

mirer. At first I thought it was only your kindness; but time has not changed my feelings, and now I can only explain it by the word "love." Helen blushed, but did not reply. The captain's heart beat rapidly, for he feared that he had spoken too much and too soon. Roger re-entered, and the conversation drifted to the affairs of the town.

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTERWARDS.

One month later, the Williams' mansion was beautifully lighted and decorated; a crowd had gathered to witness the affair, and on that night Helen became Mrs. Eugene S. Morgan.

DEATH OF JOE BELL.

No more will new men be sent by the O. D. to report to Prof. Bell and no more will cadet officers receive the salutation, "Howdy Corporal," for Joe Bell is no more, he passed off this earth last Friday night.

President Thach in commenting on his death Saturday morning at chapel exercises, said: "He was one of the old regime of darkies that are fast fading away." Prof. Thach also touched on two or three strong points that were possessed by old Joe, among which were competency, sense of duty and honesty.

Joe had been head janitor here at Auburn for the last twenty-six years. Having been reared as a body servant to his master, a gentleman of the "old school." It is a pity that this old regime of darkies are going so fast, but it seems that they along with everything else that went to make up the South of "fore de war" has got to go. If we will only stop a moment to reflect we will agree with the Sophomore Declaimer when he says that "There is a new South."

A CA ID.

We want to impress it upon the student body, and especially the new men, that the Orange and Blue is strictly a college paper and must be supported by the boys. Unless every man subscribes for the paper and pays his subscription, they cannot expect a good periodical.

Business Manager.

L. G. PARK

The Auburn Laundry

Collars and Cuffs 2c each.

Our work

WILL PLEASE YOU

Give us a Trial.

POMP FOSTER

BARBER

When you want a nice, clean Shave, or an up-to-date Hair-cut, give me a call. I can please you.

Have Your SHOES Repaired by

COLBY

Prompt and satisfactory service at low prices.



Copyrighted, 1904, by E. L. B. & Co.

Muse's and the Young Men

We say, "Muse's and the young men" in particular because so many stores, you know, are not particular when it comes to young men's clothing. Perhaps they think it's not worth their while.

They don't know young men as Muse's does—don't know that they are the most exacting and fastidious of clothes buyers. But Muse's knows.

Young Men's Suits

\$10.00 to \$25.00

HATS—These are swell things for this season's wearing. Broad brim fellows with crowns to wear in any shape—and the derbies, too. Write for Our Hat Book.

SHOES—Boyden's and Muse's Specials. Swing lasts and new leather. Novelties galore. Our New Shoe Catalogue shows them all.

MUSE'S ATLANTA

Fine Stationery and Printing :

We make a specialty of high-grade printed Stationery for fraternities and other college organizations.

The best papers and latest styles of type. :: ::

THE POST PUBLISHING CO.

804 North Railroad Ave., OPELIKA, ALA.

R. W. BURTON

Bookseller and Stationer

Auburn, Ala.

In the business 33 years, and am not worth but a million dollars yet—hardly so much in fact:

Am not selling all my goods at cost, but I will give you the worth of your money any time.

Sole agent in Auburn for the L. E. Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen, the Parker Fountain Pen, and the best makes of Drawing Instruments and material.

Thanks to my many customers for a fine fall trade.

DR. O. M. STEADHAM,

PHYSICIAN

And Dealer in Drugs, Toilet Articles and All Kinds of Cold Drinks

Phillips, Yarbrough & Allen

Opelika, Alabama

Sporting Goods, Hardware and Cut Glass

"Old Bear" Fruit Stand and Grocery Store

ALSO RUN PUBLIC HACK.

Your Patronage Solicited

PHOTOGRAPHS

AUBURN STUDENTS, ATTENTION! FOOTBALL PICTURES, CLASS PICTURES.

Individual Portraits a Specialty. Call and see samples. Main Studio, South Eighth street, Opelika, Ala. Branch, opposite Bosa Flanagan's, Auburn. Open Friday of each week.

W. R. ABBOTT

The Blending of the Blue and the Gray

(Continued from 6th Page.)

hesitated before heeding the call; he turned and looked at the soldier he had just left. As he thought his decision would decide the result of the war. On one side stood bondage, hard work, but his master and his same log cabin; on the other was freedom, wealth and honor. Which summons must he obey? He saw the face of his master and the man dressed in blue by his side; he moved toward them, not knowing whether it was his master or the blue uniform that drew him. An ambulance drove up and it was the work of only a few minutes to put in Roger and the Union sergeant. The other Union soldier was also put in the same wagon, and Sam sat on the side. Pause and think of these four men: one a true southerner, fighting for love of home and his rights; another a negro slave, ignorant and true, while so, but imaginative, having no sense of right or justice, capable of being deceived and led into anything; still another, with the love of country at heart, and fighting for the preservation of the Union; and yet another fighting for excitement and money, with all the intense hatred and prejudice of which man is capable—not knowing the true nature of his rebel enemy and too ignorant and too proud to want to know.

Horrors of Reconstruction.

Eight years have passed; the war is over and the South is shaded by the dark cloud of Reconstruction. Roger Williams, with his sister Helen, lives in a small two-room cabin of their native town, Waterloo, South Carolina; while Sam Williams, their former slave, lives just up the hill in a large ten-room house, surrounded by boxwood and roses. J. H. Reavely, who, on the battle-field, had first filled Sam's head with dreams of greatness, was now the tyrant ruler of the Waterloo community, and lived in the same house with Sam Williams. "My dear," said Roger to his sister, one night when he came home. "I want to kiss you good-bye. In a few minutes I shall be dragged out and carried to bow down and worship Sam and Reavely. I have been accused of being the Ku-Klux leader, and though it be true, they haven't the slightest reason for thinking it." With this they kissed each other; and just in time, for the door opened, three negroes entered and took him from his sister's arms to the dungeon cell. Here he remained three days, when he was at last dragged before the court. But who occupied the judge's seat? Not Reavely, but a new judge, one who wore a blue uniform and upon whose shoulders were the epaulets of a captain. Roger noticed this, then guiltily looked over the room. There on the front seat sat his sister. Though her eyes were filled with tears, she looked more beautiful than ever before.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

From her Roger turned to the judge; their eyes met, and both men stood and stared. The lips of the judge relaxed into a smile; he moved through the excited jurymen to where Roger stood, and clasped both his hands. Neither man spoke, their hearts were too full. Then turning to the jury the judge said: "There will be no trial today; the court may consider itself adjourned until further orders." In a moment Helen was on the stand with her arms around her brother's neck; then she turned and shook hands with the Union soldier she had once nursed at the Richmond hospital. "Roger," said the young judge, "Take your sister home; in an hour I shall be there and take dinner with you." "Can't you wait until after dinner?" ventured Helen in her modest but sweet voice. "We shall have no dinner today; there is only a handful of meal left, and there is not a thing to eat in the house." "I know all about it," he said. "Go home and make a fire and have the table ready."

JUSTICE AND LOVE.

An hour later the door of the Williams cabin opened and the little uniformed judge walked in; outside stood a wagon loaded with everything necessary for an excellent dinner, and, besides, there was enough to last the little household for many days. Roger, Helen and Capt. Morgan, for that was his name, sat down before the fire, while their one faithful servant, an old negro woman, prepared the dinner. All were silent for a while, when Capt. Morgan began: "Roger, it has been a long time since we left the Richmond hospital. I promised you to come South some day, and now I have come. I have never forgotten those two months I lay there almost dead, and how your sister so tenderly nursed me even after you were back on the battle field. I know I am right when I call both of you friends, and I have thought of you every day since that time. By special request I have been allowed to come to this post, and on arriving I found my first case against one Roger Williams; I investigated, found it to be you, postponed the trial, personally looked into the whole matter, and find that it is all prejudice and grudge, and not a legal complaint. I have also gone through and through the whole proceedings in regard to the confiscation of your property, and, I might add, that in thirty days from tomorrow, you may move back to the homestead." Here Roger rose and left the room, and Capt. Morgan continued: "Miss Helen, if you will allow me, I shall say a few words regarding you alone."

Oh! Dr. Cupid.

During my sickness at Richmond, I learned to regard you in a way I had never regarded another being. Your pleasant, sweet disposition completely won me, and since that time I have remained an ardent and devoted ad-

miration. At first I thought it was only your kindness; but time has not changed my feelings, and now I can only explain it by the word "love." Helen blushed, but did not reply. The captain's heart beat rapidly, for he feared that he had spoken too much and too soon. Roger re-entered, and the conversation drifted to the affairs of the town.

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTERWARDS.

One month later, the Williams' mansion was beautifully lighted and decorated; a crowd had gathered to witness the affair, and on that night Helen became Mrs. Eugene S. Morgan.

DEATH OF JOE BELL.

No more will new men be sent by the O. D. to report to Prof. Bell and no more will cadet officers receive the salutation, "Howdy Corporal," for Joe Bell is no more, he passed off this earth last Friday night.

President Thach in commenting on his death Saturday morning at chapel exercises, said: "He was one of the old regime of darkies that are fast fading away." Prof. Thach also touched on two or three strong points that were possessed by old Joe, among which were competency, sense of duty and honesty.

Joe had been head janitor here at Auburn for the last twenty-six years. Having been reared as a body servant to his master, a gentleman of the "old school." It is a pity that this old regime of darkies are going so fast, but it seems that they along with everything else that went to make up the South of "fore de war" has got to go. If we will only stop a moment to reflect we will agree with the Sophomore Declaimer when he says that "There is a new South."

A CA ID.

We want to impress it upon theudent body, and especially the new en, that the Orange and Blue is trictly a college paper and must be supported by the boys. Unless every an subscribes for the paper and pays his subscription, they cannot expect a good periodical.

Business Manager.

L. G. PARK The Auburn Laundry

Collars and Cuffs 2c each.

Our work WILL PLEASE YOU Give us a Trial.

POMP FOSTER BARBER

When you want a nice, clean Shave, or an up-to-date Hair-cut, give me a call. I can please you.

Have Your SHOES Repaired by COLBY

Prompt and satisfactory service at low prices.



Copyrighted 1904, by E. L. B. & Co.

Muse's and the Young Men

We say, "Muse's and the young men" in particular because so many stores, you know, are not particular when it comes to young men's clothing. Perhaps they think it's not worth their while. They don't know young men, as Muse's does—don't know that they are the most exacting and fastidious of clothes buyers. But Muse's knows. Young Men's Suits

\$10.00 to \$25.00

HATS—These are swell things for this season's wearing. Broad brim fellows with crowns to wear in any shape—and the derbies, too. Write for Our Hat Book. SHOES—Boyden's and Muse's Specials. Swing lasts and new leather. Novelties galore. Our New Shoe Catalogue shows them all.

MUSE'S ATLANTA

Fine Stationery and Printing :

We make a specialty of high-grade printed Stationery for fraternities and other college organizations. The best papers and latest styles of type.

THE POST PUBLISHING CO. 804 North Railroad Ave., OPELIKA, ALA.

R. W. BURTON Bookseller and Stationer Auburn, Ala.

In the business 33 years, and am not worth but a million dollars yet—hardly so much in fact. Am not selling all my goods at cost, but I will give you the worth of your money any time. Sole agent in Auburn for the L. F. Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen, the Parker Fountain Pen, and the best makes of Drawing Instruments and material. Thanks to my many customers for a fine fall trade.

DR. O. M. STEADHAM, PHYSICIAN

And Dealer in Drugs, Toilet Articles and All Kinds of Cold Drinks

Phillips, Yarbrough & Allen Opelika, Alabama

Sporting Goods, Hardware and Cut Glass

"Old Bear" Fruit Stand and Grocery Store

ALSO RUN PUBLIC HACK. Your Patronage Solicited

PHOTOGRAPHS

AUBURN STUDENTS, ATTENTION! FOOTBALL PICTURES, CLASS PICTURES. Individual Portraits a Specialty. Call and see samples. Main Studio, South Eighth street, Opelika, Ala. Branch, opposite Boss Flanagan's, Auburn. Open Friday of each week.

W. R. ABBOTT

The Deserter; or, Personal Recollections of the Fourth Artillery, U. S. A.

By LEROY STAFFORD BOYD, Auburn '92, Private Secretary to Hon. Claude Kitchen, M. C. of N. C., Washington

It happened at the Alabama State College at Auburn many years ago.

A beautiful fall afternoon had given way to a cold and dark November night. The annual military promotions had been announced, and to make these good, the cadet officers, as well as others, were burning the midnight oil on the regular November examinations of 1889.

All was quiet, and the faculty and town officials dozed away in apparent security. By 9 o'clock when the cadet inspectors made their indulgent nocturnal rounds, the most critical observer did not dream of what that night would bring forth. But there was something unexplainable in the air; secretly and quickly the agents of authority tapped on the doors of two hundred students and commanded them in the name of the law to volunteer to protect the good name of the commonwealth. The laws of the United States had been violated, and the honor of the students of old Auburn College was at stake. A patriotic duty was to be performed, for which much renown would result. By order of Col. John B. McDonald, 10th Cavalry, U. S. A., Commandant of Cadets, Capt. Francis Maury Fontaine, Lieut. George Waring, and Corporal Henry Benning Crawford, all noble Georgians, were by him detailed to perform a most delicate mission—to collect a posse of the ranking cadet officers and bravest students for the purpose of enforcing the laws of the War Department at Washington. Their duty did not extend to a long campaign of forced marches and privation, but lay at their very door—it was immediate, imminent and imperative. The man that hesitated was a traitor, and what's more he knew it.

Eagerly but silently the student body obeyed the mysterious summons—the destination, McElhaney's Hotel, the object, to do their duty. Squads from every direction were approaching the famous old mansion, and as the ancient pile hove into view through a darkened vista the knees of many a cadet quaked beneath him. This famous hostelry they knew to be the oldest building in town, few had ever visited it, as the cadets were not permitted to board there; and was not its proprietor the owner of the old Pebble building which was enveloped and saturated with most mysterious stories? But duty was the watchword, and they passed onward.

"Halt! give the countersign!" was the startling greeting that came out of almost total darkness to Charlie Brown, Jim Dean and myself, and presuming that these two high cadet officers who were raised in "the sticks" of Sumter county, Alabama, would not desert me, I stood my ground. Quickly we made ourselves known, were told that a deserter from the U. S. Army was occupying

a room in the hotel, and that by order of Col. McDonald we were detailed to watch the hotel to prevent his escape, and that in the morning a U. S. Marshall from Montgomery would be up to get his prisoner. The company to which this soldier belonged had passed through Auburn on the 5 o'clock train that afternoon, and he had deserted by jumping from the train, and had moreover made himself conspicuous that afternoon by witnessing the cadet drill on the campus, appearing in his U. S. Army uniform. Col. McDonald had caught sight of him, sized him up as a deserter, and given orders accordingly. In order not to arouse the suspicions of the deserter that he was being watched, extra precautions as to silence were to be enforced in and around the hotel.

It was now after 10 o'clock, and squads of cadets were still coming in. As fast as received they were given regular beats about thirty feet apart, leading into and out of all the approaches to the hotel, in front and rear, and two sides, in cotton yard and gin yard, in fact all around and inside of that large and somewhat open square. A small detachment was sent to watch the depot, for fear he might escape by a night train. All who did not have pistols were armed with knives, sticks and rocks. The countersign was "Fourth Artillery," of which regiment the deserter was a member.

It is now past 11 o'clock, and the chilly darkness is silent save the measured tread of two hundred cadets, conservators of the law, and adjuncts of the War Department at Washington. Ever and anon the muffled sound of the challenge of some sentry percolates through the stifling night air, and a sigh of relief goes up when silence again reigns supreme. Save one twinkling light in the second story of the old hotel, all is enveloped in Egyptian darkness. It is there that the deserter is confined, and his immediate guardians are Fontaine, Waring and Crawford, the chief heroes of a wonderful exploit, where only college boys have been called upon as the defenders of a country's right. Captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates, all enlisted in a laudable and patriotic cause, vying for first place in the honors which will surely come to all. At regular intervals of half an hour officers are detailed to go the rounds to see that all is well.

The old college bell has long since struck the hours of 12 and 1, and all is quiet on the Potomac. The duties have grown arduous, but what can be placed above duty and love of country? All else fades into insignificance, and the hard examinations of the morrow are forgotten in the pride engendered by the excitement and satisfaction of the occasion. Tommy Glass of K. A., and Cliff Hare, later of Phi Delta Theta, heroes of a famous horse and buggy ex-

plot, and others who failed to receive their just dues at the hands of the military department, hug themselves with delight that their hour for action has now arrived, and that as a reward for that night's hard service they will shortly be decorated with the gold stripes of office. All are justly impressed with the tremendous sensation each will create on his appearance at church next Sunday morning, the cynosure of all eyes, the delight of Auburn's fair maidens, the envy of Judge Gullatte and other town beaux.

Time drags slowly on, but these United States of America have never had more valiant defenders of her law and honor. Sticking to their posts like Napoleonic soldiers, they keep their nightly vigil with a grim determination and a lasting fortitude both realistic and poetic. It nears the hour of two, when suddenly the awful stillness of the night is broken by the sharp report of a match struck against the front of the hotel. There is an instantaneous flicker, then total darkness, followed quickly by a series of loud challenges from the sentries around the door. Instantly every nerve is awakened, the lines brace up, and challenge after challenge cuts the night air quick and sharp, in the efforts of the sentries to discover the cause of the commotion.

"Son of a—!" is coming and is passed along the lines as fast as an electric current, and in a few seconds an immense crowd collects at the gate of the hotel. Soon the commanding voice of little Capt. Fontaine is heard above the confusion, and he informs his patriotic army that in accordance with the request of the deserter, who is now thoroughly humiliated and repentant, he has decided to take him to the residence of Col. McDonald, where he will sign articles of good behavior and there spend the remainder of the night. This course he deems the more prudent, inasmuch as it will relieve the cadets from further duty that night. All of the guards are now called in, and orders are given to fall in column of fours, and march behind the deserter on his way to Col. McDonald's. Should the deserter escape while on the way, strict orders are given against the discharge of fire-arms, as likely to wound or kill the guards in front. If any shooting is to be done it will be by Fontaine, Waring and Crawford, the guards of honor, the representatives of the commandant and the Secretary of War, the intrepid supporters of the national government in its hour of greatest need.

Soon the deserter appears, his hands bound tightly behind him, and under the closest surveillance of Capt. Fontaine, Lieut. Waring and Corporal Crawford, all in full uniform, with clanking swords at their sides. At the command of Fontaine, two hundred guards swing into column of fours, and in a moment the still night air reverberates to the steady tramp of

the flower of the college battalion. The tired guardians of the peace congratulate themselves that the worst is now over, when suddenly a tremendous scuffle and noisy trampling of feet takes place at the head of the column, on the board walk in front of the Pebble building. In an instant all is confusion. Loud cries of "He's got away, he's got away! Don't shoot, don't shoot! Come on boys, come on boys!"—and with a mighty roar the column breaks into pieces, and in a perfect torrent the wild mob sweeps down the street in mad pursuit of the fleeing deserter, just discernible in the distance, and closely followed by Fontaine, Waring, and Crawford. In a second, like a herd of buffaloes, the yelling crowd swings around Dixon's drug store corner, and in another they are at the Methodist Church. The deserter has disappeared! From one direction come the persuasive cries of Fontaine, from another the fiery tones of Waring, and from another the elegant language of Crawford, urging the boys onward to their duty, in order especially to save their own honor and reputation. Three more disheartened and disappointed captains than these three leaders were never found in any army. In a few moments, however, searching parties are made up to guard the roads and approaches to the town, to endeavor to cut off all means of escape to the deserter. The writer had the great honor of suggesting that the early morning train was about due, and with a whoop a large party was immediately detailed to that point. It was led by big Jim Dean, of S. A. E., 1st Sgt. Co. D., who said he had his citz. clothes made in Paris, and that his favorite musical number was Home Sweet Home in the Minor. Thus the frenzied crowd was again organized, and set out to its appointed tasks.

It is now fast approaching 3 a. m., and the deserter not having been apprehended, the lines have been drawn slowly in until the greater number are to be found congregated at Sweet Bill's Corner, utterly exhausted, confused and confounded, and without leaders. The three captains are no longer to be seen, doubtless gone to bed in disgust and dishonor. Slowly and silently the defenders of their country's honor dispersed to their several homes, in disgrace and defeat. At a most critical time they had failed in the performance of duty, and not only the Commandant but the War Department of the United States was to be reckoned with in the settlement of a debt due by the nation's humblest citizen.

The next morning at chapel the college was in a mighty uproar. Never in its history was there such a tremendous sensation. Hardly had Dr. Broun finished the morning prayer, when from all directions came the familiar cry, "Who goes there? Give the countersign?" followed by a mighty response, especially from the sub-freshmen section, "Fourth Artillery." When excitement was at its height, in walked Fontaine, Waring and Crawford, locked arm in arm, chief defenders of their country's honor, and wreathed in the blandest smiles.

Bowing gracefully to the student body, they took their seats amid a storm of cheers. Pandemonium broke loose and for the rest of the morning the regular exercises were almost entirely suspended in the chaos that ensued.

It was all a joke, of course, a stupendous joke, and probably the best that was ever played upon an unsuspecting student body. Some of the victims were in a mood to hang the three perpetrators of this glorious farce. At a faculty meeting held that afternoon, these officers were promptly reduced to ranks, but the joke was such a good one that they were speedily reinstated.

The truth of the matter was, there was really a U. S. soldier in town, his presence due to the fact that he had dropped his cap as the train passed through, and in his efforts to regain it had lost his train. He registered at the hotel, and reported to Col. McDonald, who showed him every courtesy. The ring-leaders in the joke saw their opportunity, and with the kindly co-operation of the deserter, the scheme was carried through with military accuracy and precision, worthy of much older heads. Save these three, not a soul in the patriotic army guard for a moment doubted the righteousness of their cause. While they were keeping their lonely vigil without, the three leaders were in the deserter's room having a high old time drinking lemonade (?) and playing cards. When the deserter broke loose from his captors on the early morning march to Col. McDonald's residence, the scene that followed was premeditated, the deserter dropping of sight by simply running up stairs into Fontaine's room in the Pebble building, and the gang swept by like a cyclone. Soon he was joined by the instigators of the plot, and in a short time all were sleeping the sleep of the just, while the frenzied cadets were scouring the town for the deserter.

Brave little Fontaine is dead, the handsomest and courtliest knight of his time, with a brain to invent and a good strong arm to execute. He was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and it is said that his prime motive in getting up the joke was to have revenge on some of his brother members who were wont to hold his buoyant spirits in check by puritanical methods. Waring was the representative of Phi Delta Theta and a fellow who could make you think white was black while the sun was shining on it, and is very naturally superintendent of a gas company, at Savannah, Ga. Crawford, the bold, bad Kappa Alpha, who was the Sophomore selected to impress the lower classmen with the great seriousness of the enterprise, is general manager of a division of the Central Railroad of Georgia, with headquarters at Columbus, Ga.

For many a long day afterwards the quickest way to receive an invitation to O'Hara's Bottom was to make pointed application of the famous expression, "Who goes there?—Fourth Artillery?"—and may the good Lord still forgive the three self-appointed guardians of the peace in the wish of at least one of their victims.

The Deserter; or, Personal Recollections of the Fourth Artillery, U. S. A.

By LEROY STAFFORD BOYD, Anburn '92, Private Secretary to Hon. Claude Kitchen M. C. of N. C., Washington

It happened at the Alabama State College at Auburn many years ago.

A beautiful afternoon had given way to a cold and dark November night. The annual military promotions had been announced, and to make these good, the cadet officers, as well as others, were burning the midnight oil on the regular November examinations of 1889.

All was quiet, and the faculty and town officials dozed away in apparent security. By 9 o'clock when the cadet inspectors made their indulgent nocturnal rounds, the most critical observer did not dream of what that night would bring forth. But there was something unexplainable in the air; secretly and quickly the agents of authority tapped on the doors of two hundred students and commanded them in the name of the law to volunteer to protect the good name of the commonwealth. The laws of the United States had been violated, and the honor of the students of old Auburn College was at stake. A patriotic duty was to be performed, for which much renown would result. By order of Col. John B. McDonald, 10th Cavalry, U. S. A., Commandant of Cadets, Capt. Francis Maury Fontaine, Lieut. George Waring, and Corporal Henry Benning Crawford, all noble Georgians, were by him detailed to perform a most delicate mission—to collect a posse of the ranking cadet officers and bravest students for the purpose of enforcing the laws of the War Department at Washington. Their duty did not extend to a long campaign of forced marches and privation, but lay at their very door—it was immediate, imminent and imperative. The man that hesitated was a traitor, and what's more he knew it.

Eagerly but silently the student body obeyed the mysterious summons—the destination, McElhaney's Hotel, the object, to do their duty. Squads from every direction were approaching the famous old mansion, and as the ancient pile hove into view through a darkened vista the knees of many a cadet quaked beneath him. This famous hostelry they knew to be the oldest building in town, few had ever visited it, as the cadets were not permitted to board there; and was not its proprietor the owner of the old Pebble building which was enveloped and saturated with most mysterious stories? But duty was the watchword, and they passed onward.

"Halt! give the countersign!" was the startling greeting that came out of almost total darkness to Charlie Brown, Jim Dean and myself, and presuming that these two high cadet officers who were raised in "the sticks" of Sumter county, Alabama, would not desert me, I stood my ground. Quickly we made ourselves known, were told that a deserter from the U. S. Army was occupying

a room in the hotel, and that by order of Col. McDonald we were detailed to watch the hotel to prevent his escape, and that in the morning a U. S. Marshall from Montgomery would be up to get his prisoner. The company to which this soldier belonged had passed through Auburn on the 5 o'clock train that afternoon, and he had deserted by jumping from the train, and had moreover made himself conspicuous that afternoon by witnessing the cadet drill on the campus, appearing in his U. S. Army uniform. Col. McDonald had caught sight of him, sized him up as a deserter, and given orders accordingly. In order not to arouse the suspicions of the deserter that he was being watched, extra precautions as to silence were to be enforced in and around the hotel.

It was now after 10 o'clock, and squads of cadets were still coming in. As fast as received they were given regular beats about thirty feet apart, leading into and out of all the approaches to the hotel, in front and rear, and two sides, in cotton yard and gin yard, in fact all around and inside of that large and somewhat open square. A small detachment was sent to watch the depot, for fear he might escape by a night train. All who did not have pistols were armed with knives, sticks and rocks. The countersign was "Fourth Artillery," of which regiment the deserter was a member.

It is now past 11 o'clock, and the chilly darkness is silent save the measured tread of two hundred cadets, conservators of the law, and adjuncts of the War Department at Washington. Ever and anon the muffled sound of the challenge of some sentry percolates through the stifling night air, and a sigh of relief goes up when silence again reigns supreme. Save one twinkling light in the second story of the old hotel, all is enveloped in Egyptian darkness. It is there that the deserter is confined, and his immediate guardians are Fontaine, Waring and Crawford, the chief heroes of a wonderful exploit, where only college boys have been called upon as the defenders of a country's right. Captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates, all enlisted in a laudable and patriotic cause, vying for first place in the honors which will surely come to all. At regular intervals of half an hour officers are detailed to go the rounds to see that all is well.

The old college bell has long since struck the hours of 12 and 1, and all is quiet on the Potomac. The duties have grown arduous, but what can be placed above duty and love of country? All else fades into insignificance, and the hard examinations of the morrow are forgotten in the pride engendered by the excitement and satisfaction of the occasion. Tommy Glass of K. A., and Cliff Hare, later of Phi Delta Theta, heroes of a famous horse and buggy ex-

loit, and others who failed to receive their just dues at the hands of the military department, hug themselves with delight that their hour for action has now arrived, and that as a reward for that night's hard service they will shortly be decorated with the gold stripes of office. All are justly impressed with the tremendous sensation each will create on his appearance at church next Sunday morning, the cynosure of all eyes, the delight of Auburn's fair maidens, the envy of Judge Gullatte and other town beaux.

Time drags slowly on, but these United States of America have never had more valiant defenders of her law and honor. Sticking to their posts like Napoleonic soldiers, they keep their nightly vigil with a grim determination and a lasting fortitude both realistic and poetic. It nears the hour of two, when suddenly the awful stillness of the night is broken by the sharp report of a match struck against the front of the hotel. There is an instantaneous flicker, then total darkness, followed quickly by a series of loud challenges from the sentries around the door. Instantly every nerve is awakened, the lines brace up, and challenge after challenge cuts the night air quick and sharp, in the efforts of the sentries to discover the cause of the commotion. "Somebody is coming out," is passed along the lines as fast as an electric current, and in a few seconds an immense crowd collects at the gate of the hotel. Soon the commanding voice of little Capt. Fontaine is heard above the confusion, and he informs his patriotic army that in accordance with the request of the deserter, who is now thoroughly humiliated and repentant, he has decided to take him to the residence of Col. McDonald, where he will sign articles of good behavior and there spend the remainder of the night. This course he deems the more prudent, inasmuch as it will relieve the cadets from further duty that night. All of the guards are now called in, and orders are given to fall in column of fours, and march behind the deserter on his way to Col. McDonald's. Should the deserter escape while on the way, strict orders are given against the discharge of fire-arms, as likely to wound or kill the guards in front. If any shooting is to be done it will be by Fontaine, Waring and Crawford, the guards of honor, the representatives of the commandant and the Secretary of War, the intrepid supporters of the national government in its hour of greatest need.

Soon the deserter appears, his hands bound tightly behind him, and under the closest surveillance of Capt. Fontaine, Lieut. Waring and Corporal Crawford, all in full uniform, with clanking swords at their sides. At the command of Fontaine, two hundred guards swing into column of fours, and in a moment the still night air reverberates to the steady tramp of

the flower of the college battalion. The tired guardians of the peace congratulate themselves that the worst is now over, when suddenly a tremendous scuffle and noisy trampling of feet takes place at the head of the column, on the board walk in front of the Pebble building. In an instant all is confusion. Loud cries of "He's got away, he's got away! Don't shoot, don't shoot! Come on boys, come on boys!"—and with a mighty roar the column breaks into pieces, and in a perfect torrent the wild mob sweeps down the street in mad pursuit of the fleeing deserter, just discernible in the distance, and closely followed by Fontaine, Waring, and Crawford. In a second, like a herd of buffaloes, the yelling crowd swings around Dixon's drug store corner, and in another they are at the Methodist Church. The deserter has disappeared! From one direction come the persuasive cries of Fontaine, from another the fiery tones of Waring, and from another the elegant language of Crawford, urging the boys onward to their duty, in order especially to save their own honor and reputation. Three more disheartened and disappointed captains than these three leaders were never found in any army. In a few moments, however, searching parties are made up to guard the roads and approaches to the town, to endeavor to cut off all means of escape to the deserter. The writer had the great honor of suggesting that the early morning train was about due, and with a whoop a large party was immediately detailed to that point. It was led by big Jim Dean, of S. A. E., 1st Sgt. Co. D., who said he had his citz. clothes made in Paris, and that his favorite musical number was Home Sweet Home in the Minor. Thus the frenzied crowd was again organized, and set out to its appointed tasks.

It is now fast approaching 3 a. m., and the deserter not having been apprehended, the lines have been drawn slowly in until the greater number are to be found congregated at Sweet Bill's Corner, utterly exhausted, confused and confounded, and without leaders. The three captains are no longer to be seen, doubtless gone to bed in disgust and dishonor. Slowly and silently the defenders of their country's honor dispersed to their several homes, in disgrace and defeat. At a most critical time they had failed in the performance of duty, and not only the Commandant but the War Department of the United States was to be reckoned with in the settlement of a debt due by the nation's humblest citizen.

The next morning at chapel the college was in a mighty uproar. Never in its history was there such a tremendous sensation. Hardly had Dr. Broun finished the morning prayer, when from all directions came the familiar cry, "Who goes there! Give the countersign!" followed by a mighty response, especially from the sub-freshmen section, "Fourth Artillery." When excitement was at its height, in walked Fontaine, Waring and Crawford, locked arm in arm, chief defenders of their country's honor, and wreathed in the blandest smiles.

Bowing gracefully to the student body, they took their seats amid a storm of cheers. Pandemonium broke loose and for the rest of the morning the regular exercises were almost entirely suspended in the chaos that ensued.

It was all a joke, of course, a stupendous joke, and probably the best that was ever played upon an unsuspecting student body. Some of the victims were in a mood to hang the three perpetrators of this glorious farce. At a faculty meeting held that afternoon, these officers were promptly reduced to ranks, but the joke was such a good one that they were speedily reinstated.

The truth of the matter was, there was really a U. S. soldier in town, his presence due to the fact that he had dropped his cap as the train passed through, and in his efforts to regain it had lost his train. He registered at the hotel, and reported to Col. McDonald, who showed him every courtesy. The ring-leaders in the joke saw their opportunity, and with the kindly co-operation of the deserter, the scheme was carried through with military accuracy and precision, worthy of much older heads. Save these three, not a soul in the patriotic army guard for a moment doubted the righteousness of their cause. While they were keeping their lonely vigil without, the three leaders were in the deserter's room having a high old time drinking lemonade (?) and playing cards. When the deserter broke loose from his captors on the early morning march to Col. McDonald's residence, the scuffle that followed was premeditated, the deserter dropping out of sight by simply running up stairs into Fontaine's room in the Pebble building, and the gang swept by like a cyclone. Soon he was joined by the instigators of the plot, and in a short time all were sleeping the sleep of the just, while the frenzied cadets were scouring the town for the deserter.

Brave little Fontaine is dead, the kindest and courtliest knight of his time, with a brain to invent and a good strong arm to execute. He was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and it is said that his prime motive in getting up the joke was to have revenge on some of his brother members who were wont to hold his buoyant spirits in check by puritanical methods. Waring was the representative of Phi Delta Theta and a fellow who could make you think white was black while the sun was shining on it, and is very naturally superintendent of a gas company, at Savannah, Ga. Crawford, the bold, bad Kappa Alpha, who was the Sophomore selected to impress the lower classmen with the great seriousness of the enterprise, is general manager of a division of the Central Railroad of Georgia, with headquarters at Columbus, Ga.

For many a long day afterwards the quickest way to receive an invitation to O'Hara's Bottom was to make pointed application of the famous expression, "Who goes there?—Fourth Artillery!"—and may the good Lord still forgive the three self-appointed guardians of the peace the wish of at least one of their victims.

The Deserter; or, Personal Recollections of the Fourth Artillery, U. S. A.

By LEROY STAFFORD BOYD, Auburn '92, Private Secretary to Hon. Claude Kitchen, M. C. of N. C., Washington

It happened at the Alabama State College at Auburn many years ago.

A beautiful fall afternoon had given way to a cold and dark November night. The annual military promotions had been announced, and to make these good, the cadet officers, as well as others, were burning the midnight oil on the regular November examinations of 1889.

All was quiet, and the faculty and town officials dozed away in apparent security. By 9 o'clock when the cadet inspectors made their indulgent nocturnal rounds, the most critical observer did not dream of what that night would bring forth. But there was something unexplainable in the air; secretly and quickly the agents of authority tapped on the doors of two hundred students and commanded them in the name of the law to volunteer to protect the good name of the commonwealth. The laws of the United States had been violated, and the honor of the students of old Auburn College was at stake. A patriotic duty was to be performed, for which much renown would result. By order of Col. John B. McDonald, 10th Cavalry, U. S. A., Commandant of Cadets, Capt. Francis Maury Fontaine, Lieut. George Waring, and Corporal Henry Benning Crawford, all no-

ble Georgians, were by him detailed to perform a most delicate mission—to collect a posse of the ranking cadet officers and bravest students for the purpose of enforcing the laws of the War Department at Washington. Their duty did not extend to a long campaign of forced marches and privation, but lay at their very door—it was immediate, imminent and imperative. The man that hesitated was a traitor, and what's more he knew it.

Eagerly but silently the student body obeyed the mysterious summons—the destination, McElhaney's Hotel, the object, to do their duty. Squads from every direction were approaching the famous old mansion, and as the ancient pile hove into view through a darkened vista the knees of many a cadet quaked beneath him. This famous hostelry they knew to be the oldest building in town, few had ever visited it, as the cadets were not permitted to board there; and was not its proprietor the owner of the old Pebble building which was enveloped and saturated with most mysterious stories? But duty was the watchword, and they passed onward.

"Halt! give the countersign!" was the startling greeting that came out of almost total darkness to Charlie Brown, Jim Dean and myself, and presuming that these two high cadet officers who were raised in "the sticks" of Sumter county, Alabama, would not desert me, I stood my ground. Quickly we made ourselves known, were told that a deserter from the U. S. Army was occupy-

ing a room in the hotel, and that by order of Col. McDonald we were detailed to watch the hotel to prevent his escape, and that in the morning a U. S. Marshall from Montgomery would be up to get his prisoner. The company to which this soldier belonged had passed through Auburn on the 5 o'clock train that afternoon, and he had deserted by jumping from the train, and had moreover made himself conspicuous that afternoon by witnessing the cadet drill on the campus, appearing in his U. S. Army uniform. Col. McDonald had caught sight of him, sized him up as a deserter, and given orders accordingly. In order not to arouse the suspicions of the deserter that he was being watched, extra precautions as to silence were to be enforced in and around the hotel.

It was now after 10 o'clock, and squads of cadets were still coming in. As fast as received they were given regular beats about thirty feet apart, leading into and out of all the approaches to the hotel, in front and rear, and two sides, in cotton yard and gin yard, in fact all around and inside of that large and somewhat open square. A small detachment was sent to watch the depot, for fear he might escape by a night train. All who did not have pistols were armed with knives, sticks and rocks. The countersign was "Fourth Artillery," of which regiment the deserter was a member.

It is now past 11 o'clock, and the chilly darkness is silent save the measured tread of two hundred cadets, conservators of the law, and adjuncts of the War Department at Washington. Ever and anon the muffled sound of the challenge of some sentry percolates through the stifling night air, and a sigh of relief goes up when silence again reigns supreme. Save one twinkling light in the second story of the old hotel, all is enveloped in Egyptian darkness. It is there that the deserter is confined, and his immediate guardians are Fontaine, Waring and Crawford, the chief heroes of a wonderful exploit, where only college boys have been called upon as the defenders of a country's right. Captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates, all enlisted in a laudable and patriotic cause, vying for first place in the honors which will surely come to all. At regular intervals of half an hour officers are detailed to go the rounds to see that all is well.

The old college bell has long since struck the hours of 12 and 1, and all is quiet on the Potomac. The duties have grown arduous, but what can be placed above duty and love of country? All else fades into insignificance, and the hard examinations of the morrow are forgotten in the pride engendered by the excitement and satisfaction of the occasion. Tommy Glass of K. A., and Cliff Hare, later of Phi Delta Theta, heroes of a famous horse and buggy ex-

loit, and others who failed to receive their just dues at the hands of the military department, hug themselves with delight that their hour for action has now arrived, and that as a reward for that night's hard service they will shortly be decorated with the gold stripes of office. All are justly impressed with the tremendous sensation each will create on his appearance at church next Sunday morning, the cynosure of all eyes, the delight of Auburn's fair maidens, the envy of Judge Gullatte and other town beaux.

Time drags slowly on, but these United States of America have never had more valiant defenders of her law and honor. Sticking to their posts like Napoleonic soldiers, they keep their nightly vigil with a grim determination and a lasting fortitude both realistic and poetic. It nears the hour of two, when suddenly the awful stillness of the night is broken by the sharp report of a match struck against the front of the hotel. There is an instantaneous flicker, then total darkness, followed quickly by a series of loud challenges from the sentries around the door. Instantly every nerve is awakened, the lines brace up, and challenge after challenge cuts the night air quick and sharp, in the efforts of the sentries to discover the cause of the commotion.

What the South was "Son of-a-bitch" is coming—is passed along the lines as fast as an electric current, and in a few seconds an immense crowd collects at the gate of the hotel. Soon the commanding voice of little Capt. Fontaine is heard above the confusion, and he informs his patriotic army that in accordance with the request of the deserter, who is now thoroughly humiliated and repentant, he has decided to take him to the residence of Col. McDonald, where he will sign articles of good behavior and there spend the remainder of the night. This course he deems the more prudent, inasmuch as it will relieve the cadets from further duty that night. All of the guards are now called in, and orders are given to fall in column of fours, and march behind the deserter on his way to Col. McDonald's. Should the deserter escape while on the way, strict orders are given against the discharge of fire-arms, as likely to wound or kill the guards in front. If any shooting is to be done it will be by Fontaine, Waring and Crawford, the guards of honor, the representatives of the commandant and the Secretary of War, the intrepid supporters of the national government in its hour of greatest need.

Soon the deserter appears, his hands bound tightly behind him, and under the closest surveillance of Capt. Fontaine, Lieut. Waring and Corporal Crawford, all in full uniform, with clanking swords at their sides. At the command of Fontaine, two hundred guards swing into column of fours, and in a moment the still night air reverberates to the steady tramp of

the flower of the college battalion. The tired guardians of the peace congratulate themselves that the worst is now over, when suddenly a tremendous scuffle and noisy trampling of feet takes place at the head of the column, on the board walk in front of the Pebble building. In an instant all is confusion. Loud cries of "He's got away, he's got away! Don't shoot, don't shoot! Come on boys, come on boys!"—and with a mighty roar the column breaks into pieces, and in a perfect torrent the wild mob sweeps down the street in mad pursuit of the fleeing deserter, just discernible in the distance, and closely followed by Fontaine, Waring, and Crawford. In a second, like a herd of buffaloes, the yelling crowd swings around Dixon's drug store corner, and in another they are at the Methodist Church. The deserter has disappeared! From one direction come the persuasive cries of Fontaine, from another the fiery tones of Waring, and from another the elegant language of Crawford, urging the boys onward to their duty, in order especially to save their own honor and reputation. Three more disheartened and disappointed captains than these three leaders were never found in any army. In a few moments, however, searching parties are made up to guard the roads and approaches to the town, to endeavor to cut off all means of escape to the deserter. The writer had the great honor of suggesting that the early morning train was about due, and with a whoop a large party was immediately detailed to that point. It was led by big Jim Dean, of S. A. E., 1st

Sgt. Co. D., who said he had his citz. clothes made in Paris, and that his favorite musical number was Home Sweet Home in the Minor. Thus the frenzied crowd was again organized, and set out to its appointed tasks.

It is now fast approaching 3 a. m., and the deserter not having been apprehended, the lines have been drawn slowly in until the greater number are to be found congregated at Sweet Bill's Corner, utterly exhausted, confused and confounded, and without leaders. The three captains are no longer to be seen, doubtless gone to bed in disgust and dishonor. Slowly and silently the defenders of their country's honor dispersed to their several homes, in disgrace and defeat. At a most critical time they had failed in the performance of duty, and not only the Commandant but the War Department of the United States was to be reckoned with in the settlement of a debt due by the nation's humblest citizen.

The next morning at chapel the college was in a mighty uproar. Never in its history was there such a tremendous sensation. Hardly had Dr. Broun finished the morning prayer, when from all directions came the familiar cry, "Who goes there? Give the countersign!" followed by a mighty response, especially from the sub-freshmen section, "Fourth Artillery." When excitement was at its height, in walked Fontaine, Waring and Crawford, locked arm in arm, chief defenders of their country's honor, and wreathed in the blandest smiles.

Bowing gracefully to the student body, they took their seats amid a storm of cheers. Pandemonium broke loose and for the rest of the morning the regular exercises were almost entirely suspended in the chaos that ensued.

It was all a joke, of course, a stupendous joke, and probably the best that was ever played upon an unsuspecting student body. Some of the victims were in a mood to hang the three perpetrators of this glorious farce. At a faculty meeting held that afternoon, these officers were promptly reduced to ranks, but the joke was such a good one that they were speedily reinstated.

The truth of the matter was, there was really a U. S. soldier in town, his presence due to the fact that he had dropped his cap as the train passed through, and in his efforts to regain it had lost his train. He registered at the hotel, and reported to Col. McDonald, who showed him every courtesy. The ring-leaders in the joke saw their opportunity, and with the kindly co-operation of the deserter, the scheme was carried through with military accuracy and precision, worthy of much older heads. Save these three, not a soul in the patriotic army guard for a moment doubted the righteousness of their cause. While they were keeping their lonely vigil without, the three leaders were in the deserter's room having a high old time drinking lemonade (?) and playing cards. When the deserter broke loose from his captors on the early morning march to Col. McDonald's residence, the scuffle that followed was precipitated, the deserter dropping out of sight by simply running up stairs into Fontaine's room in the Pebble building, and the gang swept by like a cyclone. Soon he was joined by the instigators of the plot, and in a short time all were sleeping the sleep of the just, while the frenzied cadets were scouring the town for the deserter.

Brave little Fontaine is dead, the handsomest and courtliest knight of his time, with a brain to invent and a good strong arm to execute. He was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and it is said that his prime motive in getting up the joke was to have revenge on some of his brother members who were wont to hold his buoyant spirits in check by puritanical methods. Waring was the representative of Phi Delta Theta and a fellow who could make you think white was black while the sun was shining on it, and is very naturally superintendent of a gas company, at Savannah, Ga. Crawford, the bold, bad Kappa Alpha, who was the Sophomore selected to impress the lower classmen with the great seriousness of the enterprise, is general manager of a division of the Central Railroad of Georgia, with headquarters at Columbus, Ga.

For many a long day afterwards the quickest way to receive an invitation to O'Hara's Bottom was to make pointed application of the famous expression, "Who goes there?—Fourth Artillery!"—and may the good Lord still forgive the three self-appointed guardians of the peace is the wish of at least one of their victims.